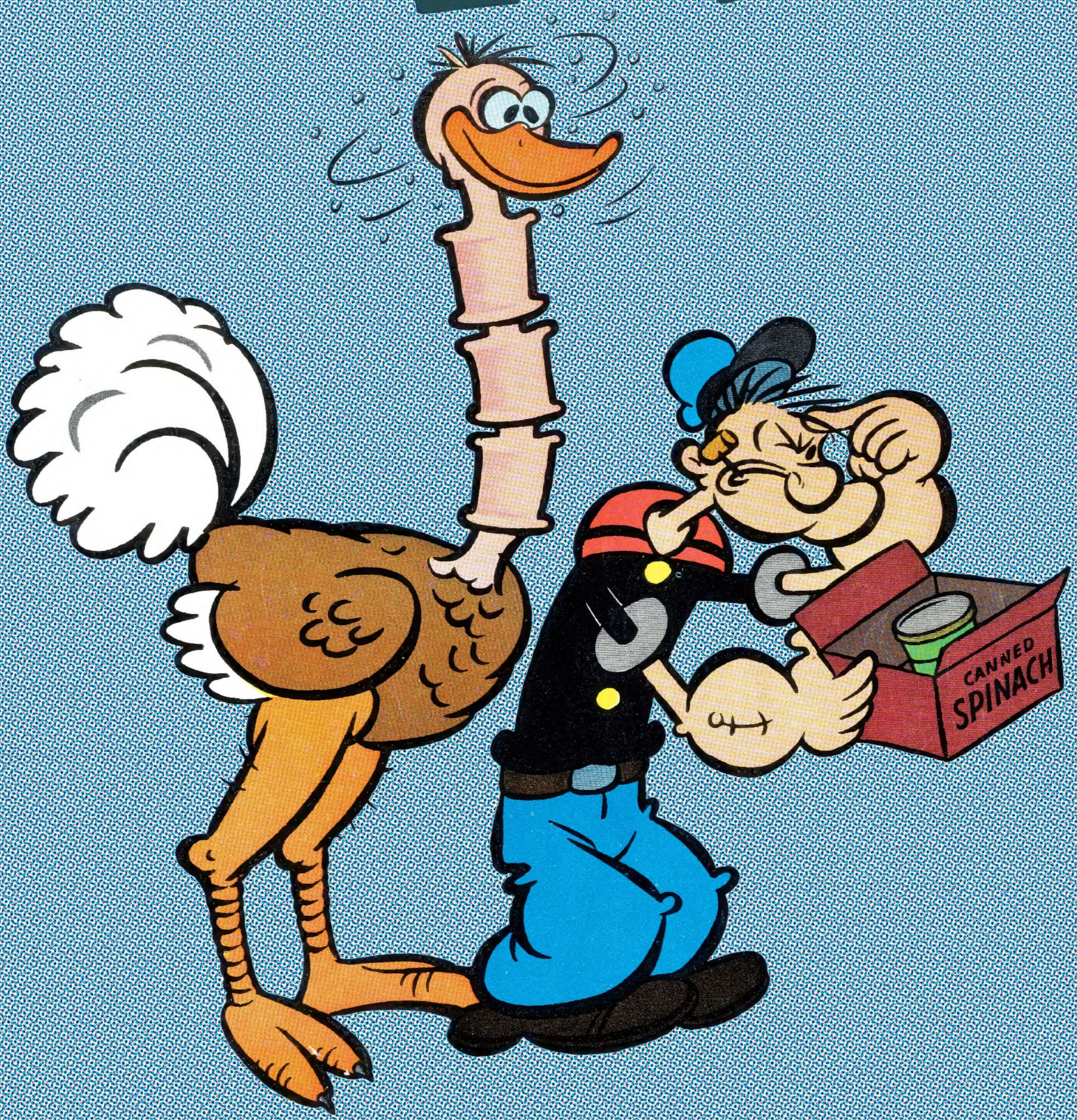
#63

IDW COMICS

Popeye®



Classic Comics

POPEYE

IF THIS WORKS I WILL JOIN A CIRCUS!

WHA' TH-?

A GOOD MATTRESS OUT IN'A YARD?

LADIES AN' GEN'LEMEN! THE WORLD'S GREATEST HIGH DIVER!

WHEEee!

?

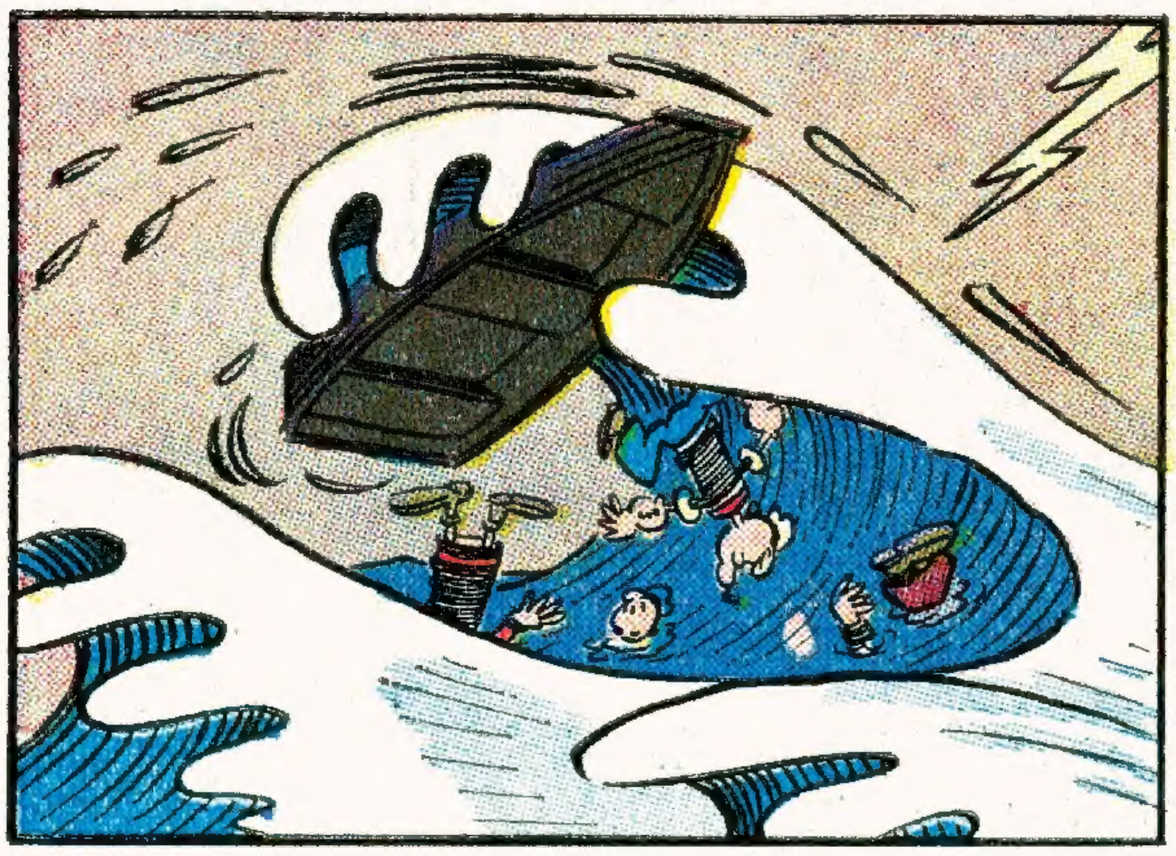
WIZE GUY!

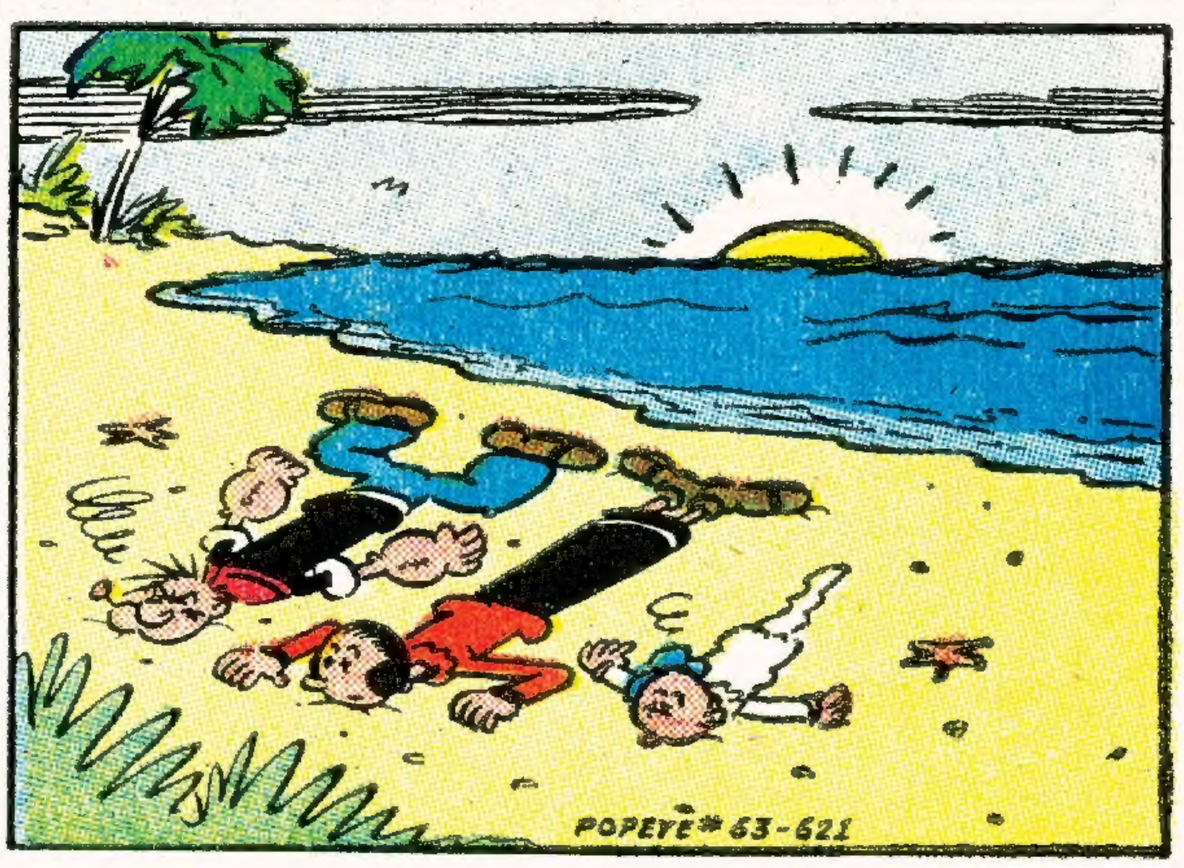
ZOP!

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS

POPEYE IN HAUNTED ISLAND!

By Bud Sagendorf





Reprinted from *Popeye* #63, January-February 1962. Written and drawn by Bud Sagendorf.

Thanks! Greg Goldstein, Chuck Anders, Giovanna Anzaldi, and Donnie Pitchford. Hooray for our supporters, the Popeye Fan Club: popeyethesailor.com

Published by: Ted Adams.
Editors: Ted Adams, Clizia Gussoni, and Craig Yoe.

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WOW!?! WHAT A TYPHOONEY!!

ARE WE DEAD?

HOT DORG, OLIVE! WE IS SAFE ON AN ISLAND!!

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL PLACE!

?

WE IS THE LUCKIEST SWABS IN A WORLD!

I'LL SAY WE ARE!! WE'RE LUCKY! LUCKY! LUCKY!

—ER...POPEYE, KIN I ASK A QUESTION?

SURE! SPEAK UP!

WHERE'S WIMPY??

?!

OH, MY GORSH?

POOR WIMPY!!

YOO-HOO! WIMPY!

WAAAAA!! POOR WIMPY WAS SWALLOWED BY THE SEA!

YA BETTER SHUD UP! WE WOULDN'T HEAR WIMPY IF HE DID ANSWER!

?
?
?
AHOY, OLIVE!! COME HERE!! WIMPY IS OKAY!!
?
HERE'S WHERE HE LANDED ON THE BEACH!! YA KIN SEE HIS IMPRESSION IN'A SAND!
!
LOOK! THERE'S HIS FEETPRINTS HEADIN' FOR THE WOODS!
ALL WE HAST'A DO IS FOLLOW 'EM AND WE'LL FIND HIM!
WHA' TH'—?? THEY JUS' STOPS?
?
(GULP!!) HE MUST HAVE FLEW THE REST OF THE WAY!
DON'T BE SILLY! WIMPY CAN'T FLY!
WELL, HE SURE DIDN'T JUMP A THOUSING FEET TO THE WOODS!
WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ME, OL' PAL?
?
?

WIMPY!! WHERE HAS YA BEEN? WHAT HAPPINGED TO YA?
IT'S ALL VERY STRANGE!
tho
I WOKE UP ON THE BEACH! I LOOKED AROUND, SAW THE WOODS...I STARTED WALKING TOWARDS THEM WHEN SWOOSH! I WAS IN THE WOODS WITHOUT WALKING TO THEM!
IT FELT AS IF A GHOST PICKED ME UP AND CARRIED ME!
A GHOSK?
?
INDEED YES!! ONLY A GHOST COULD MOVE ABOUT AND NOT BE SEEN!
AHOY, OLIVE!! DID YA HEAR THAT? WE IS ON A HAUNTED ISLAND!
DID YA HEAR WHAT WIMPY SAID?
?
?
SHE FAINTED!
?
?
ARF! ARF! I GUESS SHE HEARD WHAT WIMPY SAID ABOUT GHOSKS!

YOU FEEL OKAY NOW, MISS OYL?

YES... THANK YOU, WIMPY!

AHOY, GANG! I HAS MADE SOME CALCULATIONS AND I KNOWS RIGHT WHERE WE IS!

THAT'S WONDERFUL!

WHERE IS THIS ISLAND?

YOU'LL BE SUSPRIZED!

THIS HERE ISLAND IS LOCATED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN WHERE THERE ISN'T ANY ISLANDS!

WE IS ON AN ISLAND WHAT HASN'T BEEN DISCOVERED YET!

PHOOEY!! THERE GOES OLIVE AGAIN!

PLOP

IF—IF IT'S UNDISCOVERED WHO'S GOING TO SAVE US?

GULP!

WE HASTA FACE IT! WE IS STUCK HERE—MAYBE FER YEARS!

WE WILL HAVE TO ORGANIZE! WE WILL EACH HAFTA DO WHAT WE DOES BEST IF WE IS TO SURVIVE!

OLIVE WILL BE OUR HOUSEKEEPER!

WIMPY, YOU KNOWS THE MOST ABOUT FOOD SUPPLIES SO YOU'LL BE OUR FOOD GITTER!

SWEE'PEA WILL HELP OLIVE RUN OUR HOUSE AND GATHER WOOD!

?

TO BE A HOUSEKEEPER I HAVE TO HAVE A HOUSE!

'AT'S RIGHT, OLIVE! THAT WILL BE MY JOB! I WILL BUILD A HOUSE!

WIMPY, YOU GO HUNT UP SUMPIN' TO EAT WHILE I STARTS BUILDIN'!

VERY WELL! I SHALL GO GATHER A FEAST!

HM? I WONDER WHAT WOULD TASTE GOOD FOR DINNER?

BREADFRUIT?

BERRIES?

BANANAS?

WILD PIG?

BAH! AN HOUR'S HUNTING AND ALL I'VE FOUND IS ONE BERRY!

IT'S HARDLY ENOUGH TO KEEP FOUR PEOPLE GOING!

'TIS BETTER FOR ONE TO SURVIVE THAN NONE!

GULP!

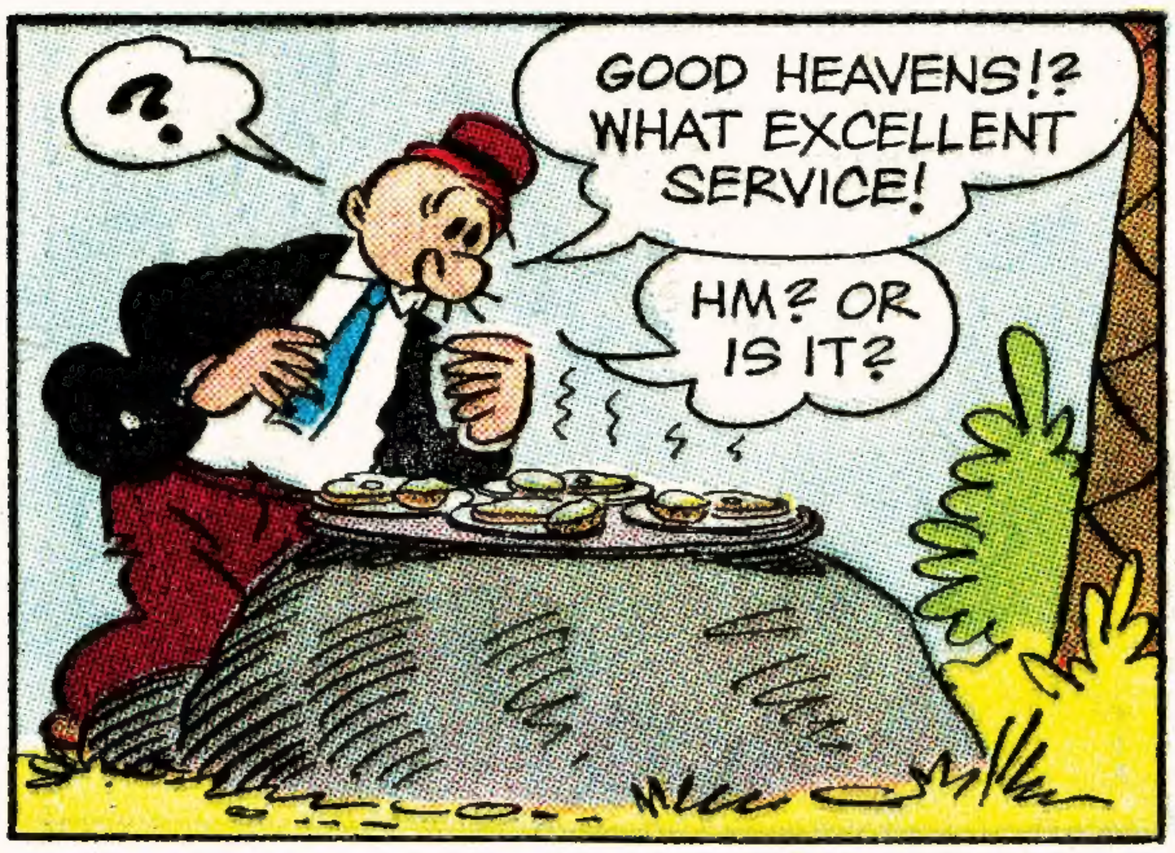
SITTING HERE IS REMINISCENT OF A RESTAURANT!

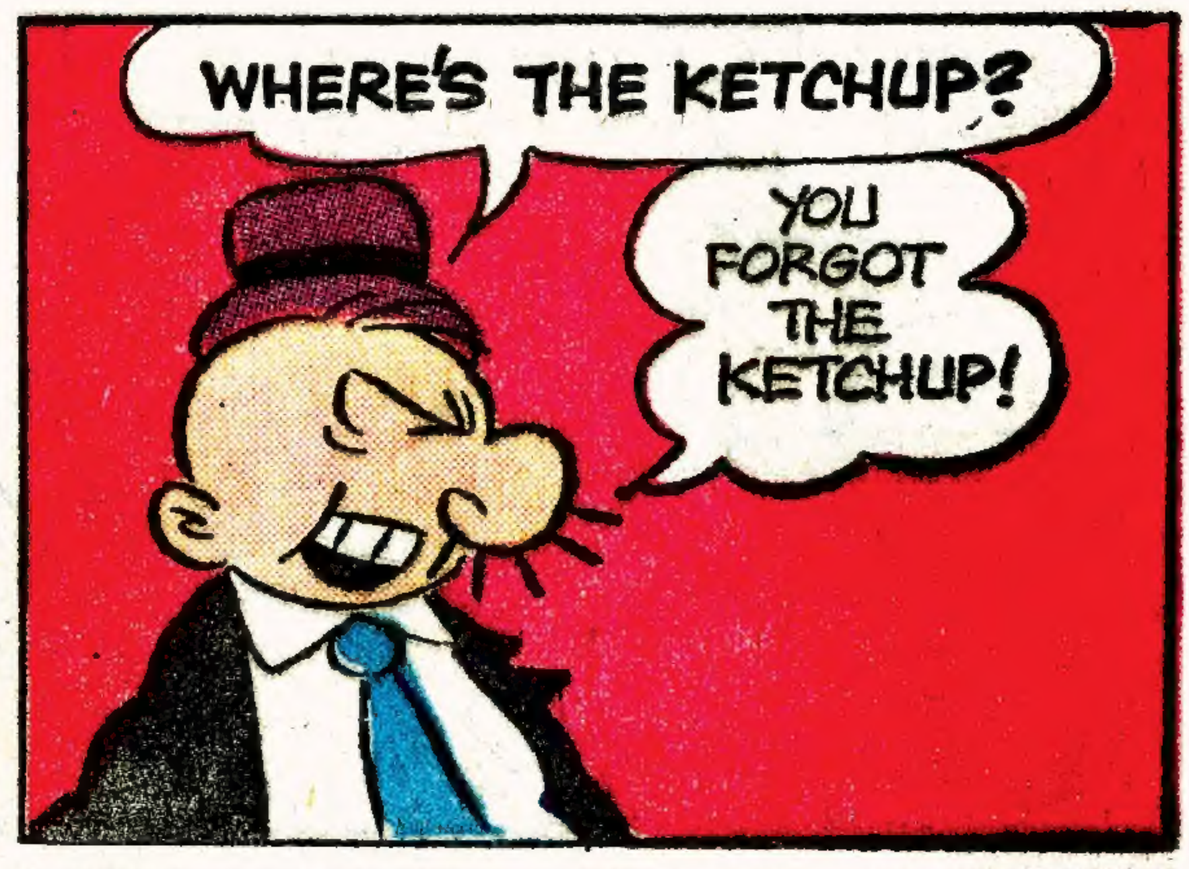
PERHAPS I SHOULD KEEP IN PRACTICE!

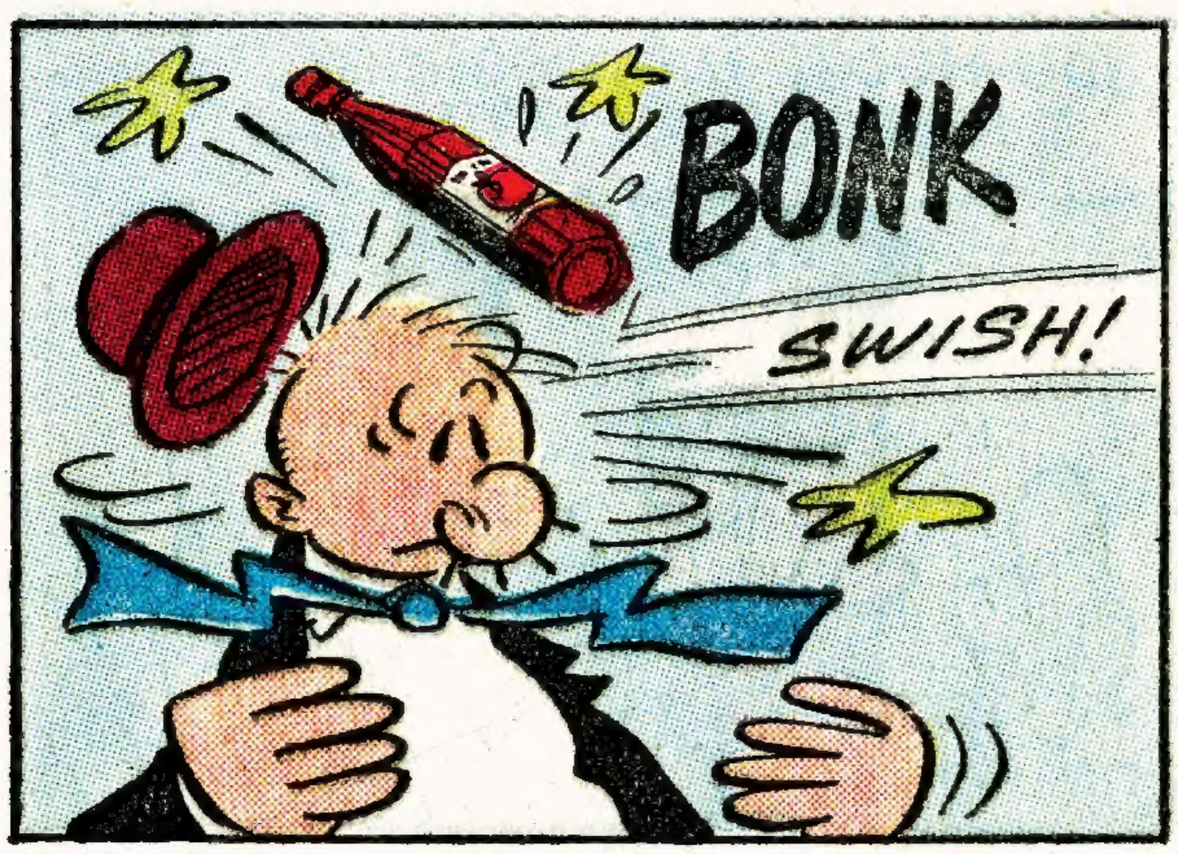
I'LL HAVE FOUR STEAK DINNERS... MEDIUM RARE, BAKED POTATO!

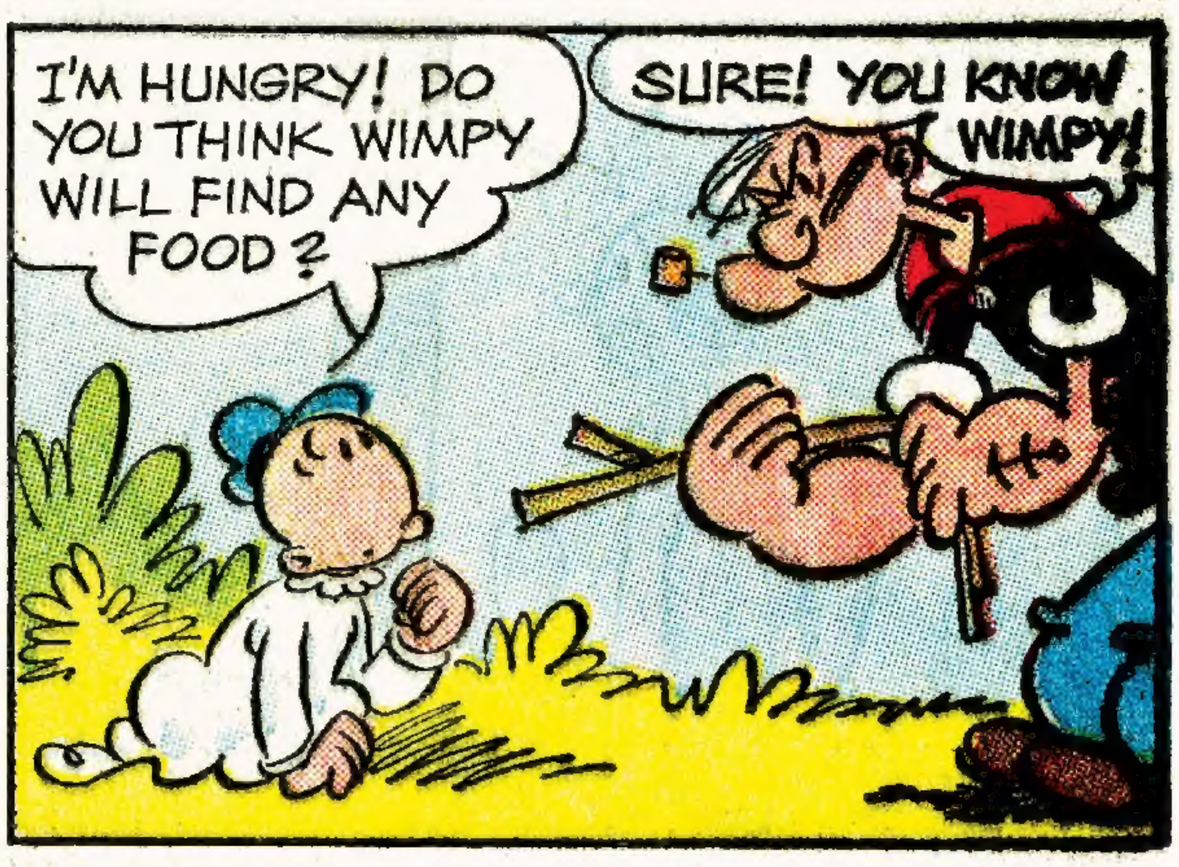
!

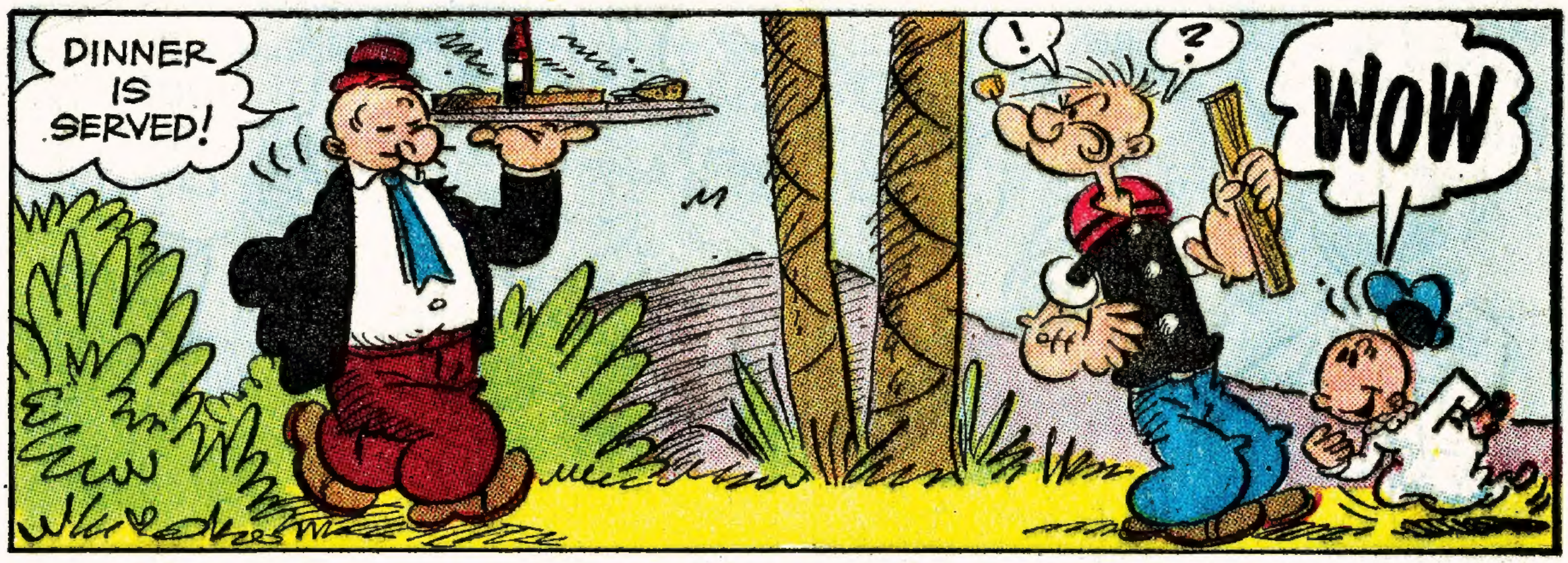
SWISH!

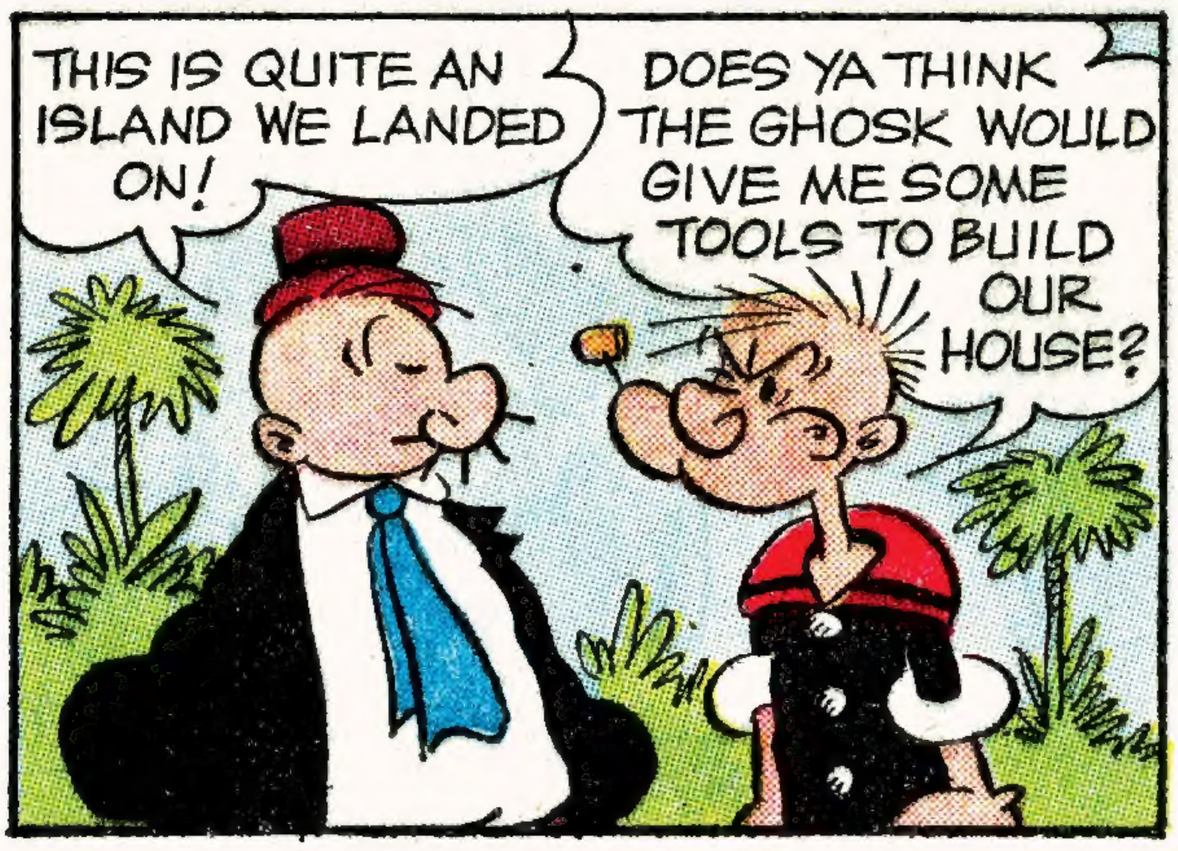

?
GOOD HEAVENS!? WHAT EXCELLENT SERVICE!
HM? OR IS IT?


WHERE'S THE KETCHUP?
YOU FORGOT THE KETCHUP!

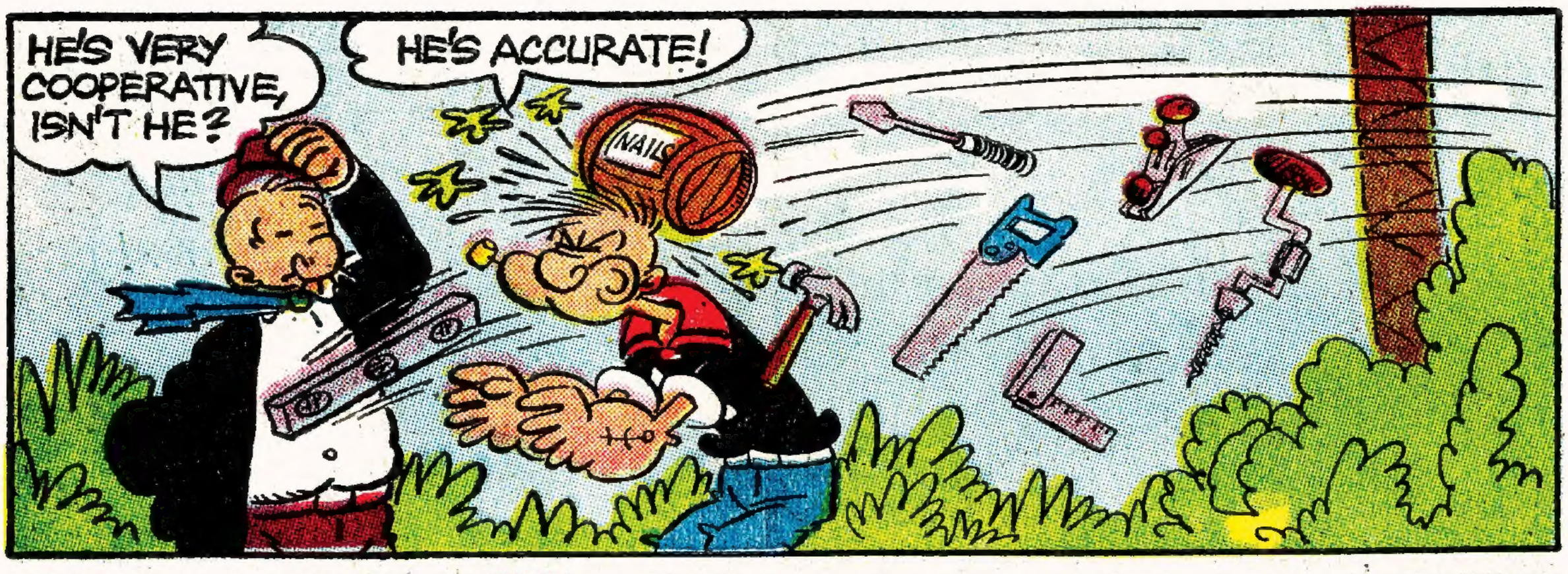

BONK
SWISH!

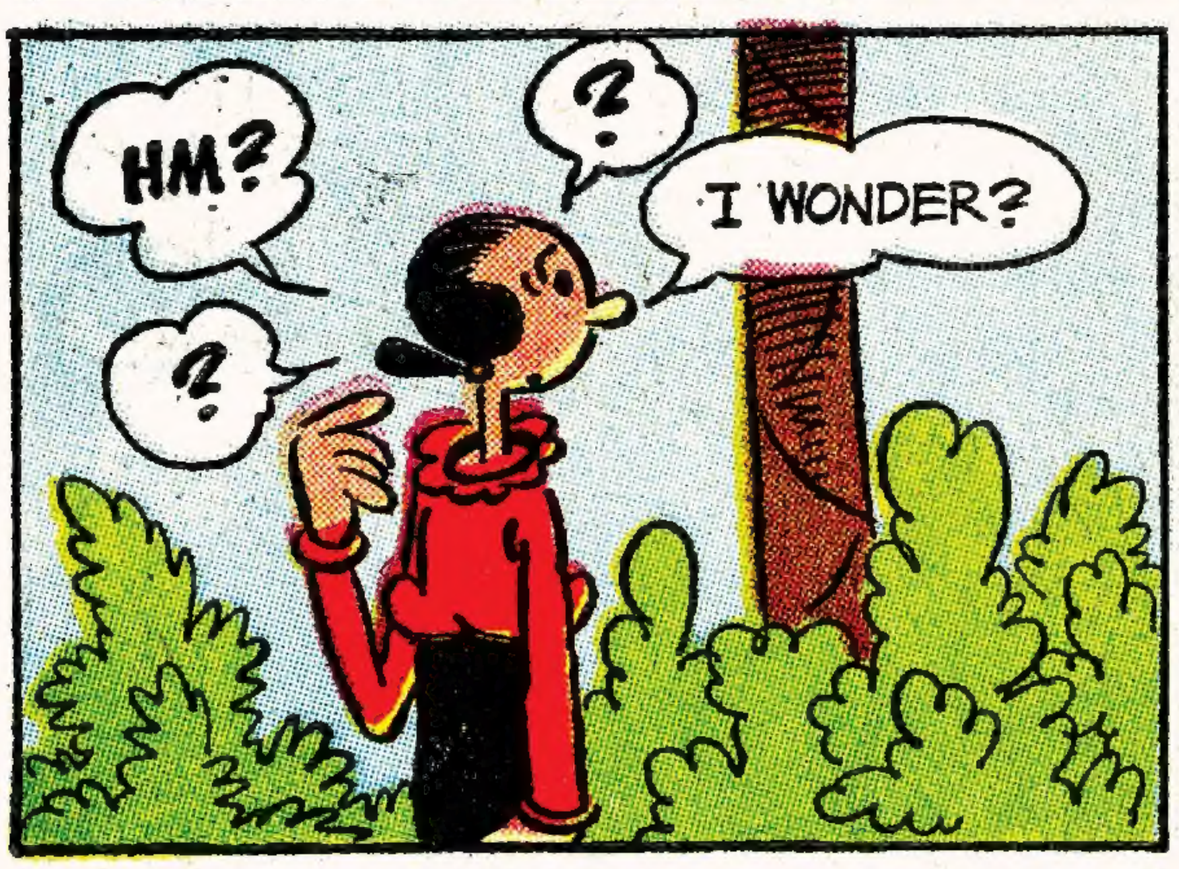

I'M HUNGRY! DO YOU THINK WIMPY WILL FIND ANY FOOD?
SURE! YOU KNOW WIMPY!


DINNER IS SERVED!
!
?
WOW

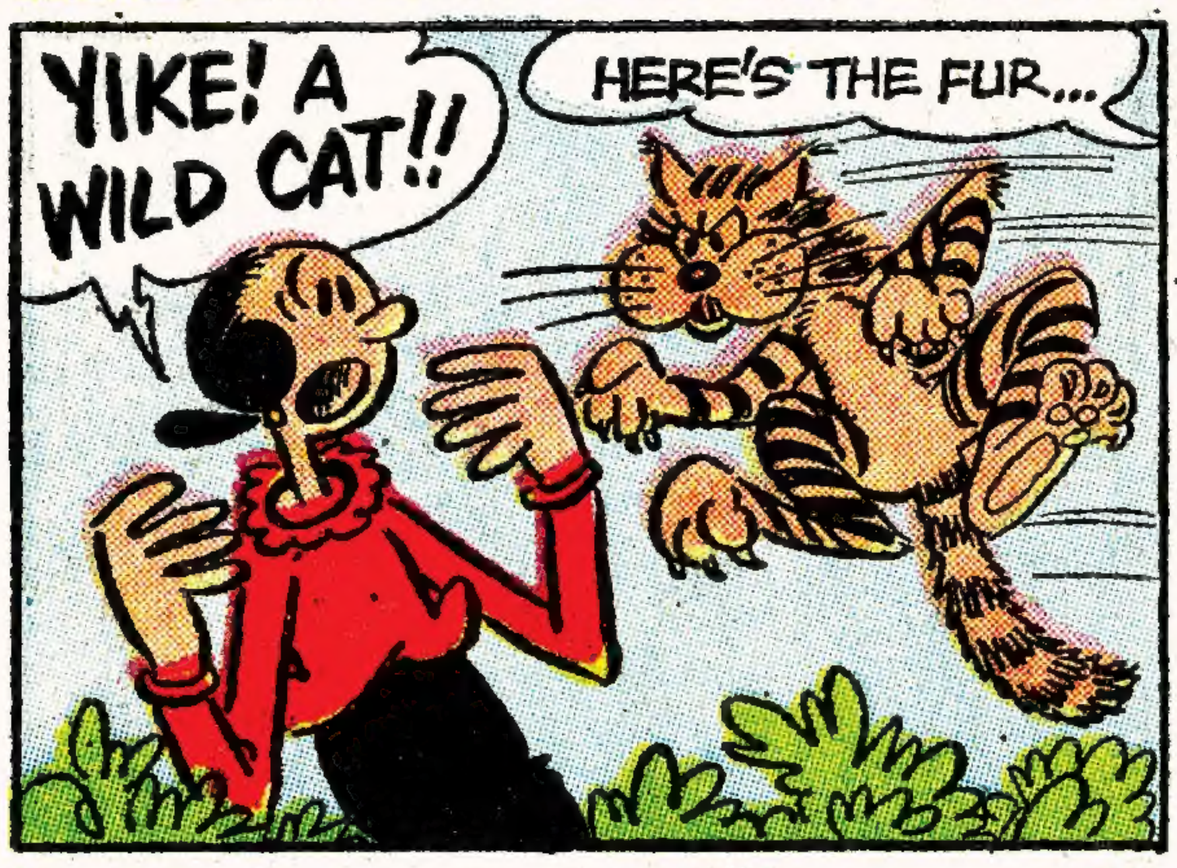

THIS IS QUITE AN ISLAND WE LANDED ON!
DOES YA THINK THE GHOSK WOULD GIVE ME SOME TOOLS TO BUILD OUR HOUSE?

WHY DON'T YOU ASK IT?
AHOY! I NEEDS SOME TOOLS!

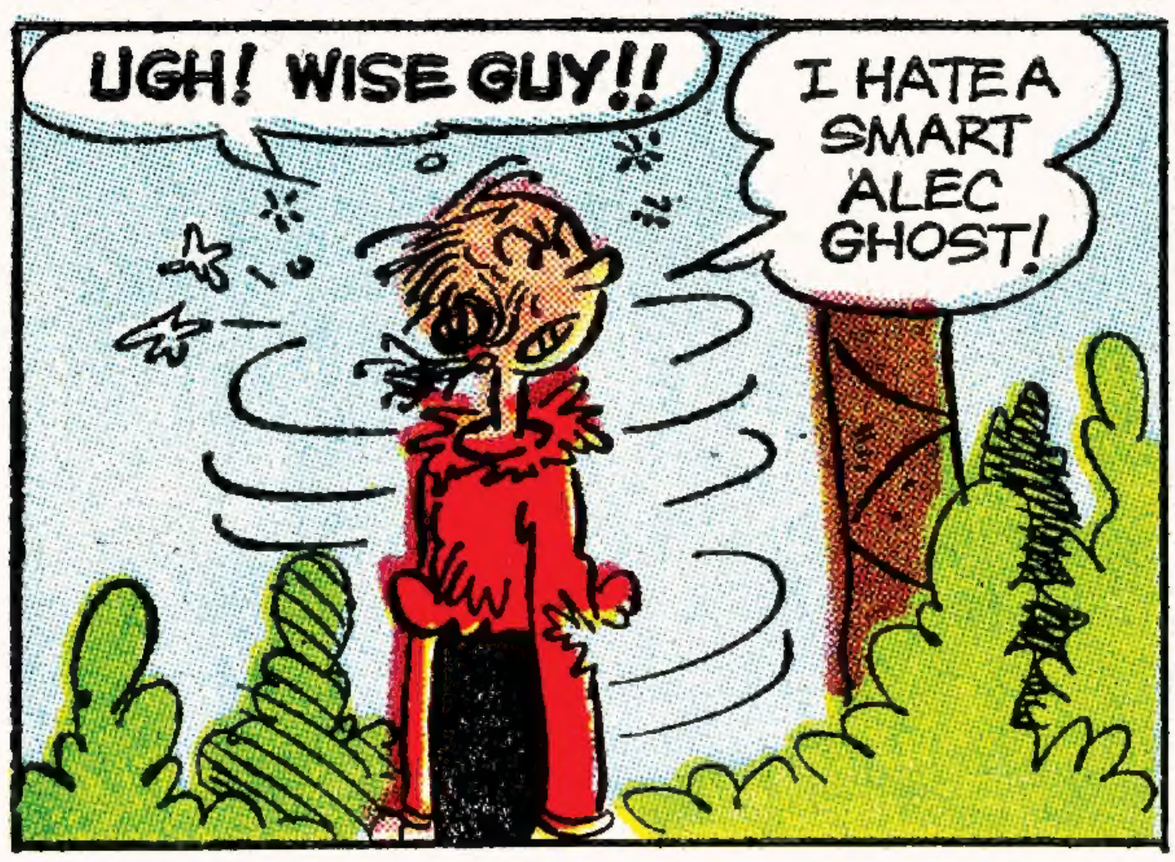

HE'S VERY COOPERATIVE, ISN'T HE?
HE'S ACCURATE!
NAILS

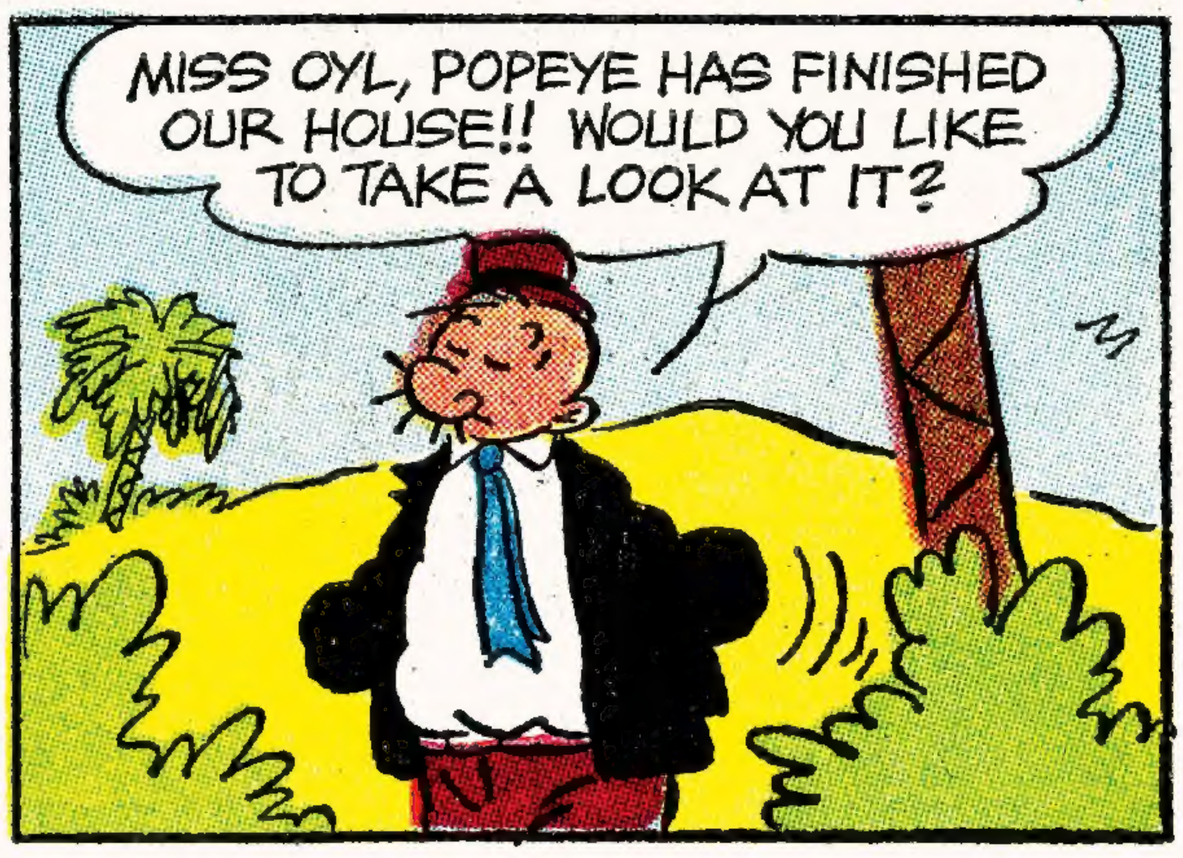

HM?
?
?
I WONDER?

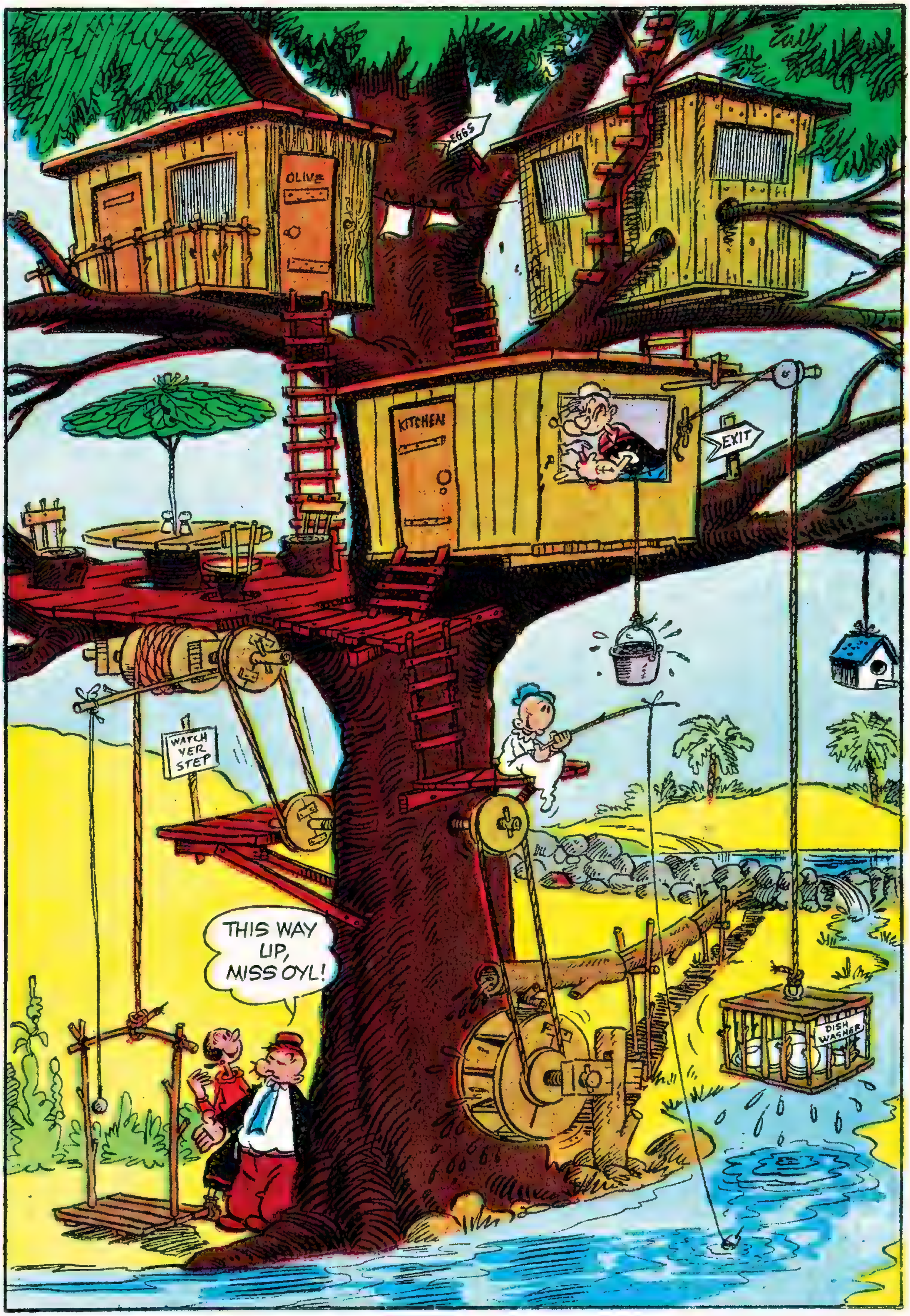
YOO-HOO!! MISTER GHOST!!
I NEED A FUR COAT!!


YIKE! A WILD CAT!!
HERE'S THE FUR...

?
!
...MAKE YOUR OWN COAT!


UGH! WISE GUY!!
I HATE A SMART 'ALEC GHOST!


MISS OYL, POPEYE HAS FINISHED OUR HOUSE!! WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AT IT?


OLIVE
EGGS
KITCHEN
EXIT
WATCH YER STEP
THIS WAY UP, MISS OYL!
DISH WASHER

IT'S A WONDERFUL HOUSE!

WE MIGHT BE STUCK HERE FER YEARS SO I FIGURED WE SHOULD HAVE A NICE PLACE!

YA FERGOT ONE THING!! YA DIDN'T PUT UP A MAILBOX!

A MAILBOX!! WHEEEE!! HA! HA!

ARF! ARF! AT'S REAL FUNNY!

A HOUSE AIN'T A HOUSE UNLESS IT HAS A MAIL-BOX!

THE NEXT DAY...

ARF! ARF! HAS YA CHECKED YER MAIL-BOX?

ARF!

YES!

WHY SO SOUR? WASN'T THERE ANY MAIL FER YA?

NO!

ARF!

ARF!

ARF!

ARF!

!

?

?

?

THE ONLY THING IN A BOX WAS A LETTER FER YOU!

BLOW ME DOWN?! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!!

IT MUST BE FROM THE GHOSK!!

WHA-TH'?? PHOOEY!!

OF ALL THE NERVE!!

BAD NEWS, OL' PAL?

I'LL SAY IT IS!! AT CRAZY GHOSK SAYS THE RENT FER THIS TREE IS FIFTY BUCKS A DAY! IF WE DOESN'T PAY WE HASTA GIT OUT!

GOOD HEAVENS!

TREES IS PART OF NATURE AN' YA KIN NOT CHARGE RENT ON 'EM!

NO BLASTID SPOOK IS GOIN' TO TAKE ME FER FIFTY BUCKS A DAY!

I BUILT THAT HOUSE AND I'M GOING TO STAY IN IT!

AHOY, MISTER SPOOK!! I WILL NOT PAY NO RENT!

YA KIN NOT KICK US OUT OF OUR HOUSE!

HEH! HEH!

?

POW

SWISH

COME BACK AN' FIGHT, YA COWARD!!

HEH! HEH!

THUMP

THUMP

UGH!

POPEYE, OL' PAL! YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP!

YOU CAN'T FIGHT A GHOST!

THAT THING IS NO GHOSK!! SPOOKERS ARE MADE OF AIR AN' THAT SWAB HITS TOO HARD FER AIR!

YOU MEAN IT'S A REAL PEOPLE?

?

YES!! THE REASONING YA CAN'T SEE IT IS THAT IT TRAVELS TOO FAST!

I WILL HAVE TO STOP IT TO FIGHT IT!

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, POPEYE?

AH! THERE'S SOME!

WILD SPINACH?

YAS!

CHOMP

YOO-HOO! MISTER SPOOK!! DOES YA WANT TO TRY AGAIN??

LOOK OUT, POPEYE! I THINK IT'S COMING!!

I YAM READY!!

HEH! HEH!

CRASH!

GOOD HEAVENS!!

ARF! ARF!

?

?

CURSES, SIR!

GR-R-R

TRY AGAIN, GERTRUDE!

GR-R!

CHARGE!

?

BEHAVE YERSELF!!

SLAP

?

BLOW ME DOWN, SHE LIKES ME!

COO!

GERTRUDE!

CURSES ON YOU, SIR!! FIRST YOU INVADE MY ISLAND AND NOW YOU'RE STEALING GERTRUDE'S LOVE!

AHOY, YA SWAB!! WE DID NOT INVADE YER ISLAND! WE WAS SHIPWRECKED!

YOU WEREN'T INVITED!

WHA'S EATIN' YOU? WHEN WE FIRST LANDED YOU TREATED US LIKE FRIENDS!!

NOW YA IS ALL MAD AT US!!

I'VE BEEN ON THIS ISLAND FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS WAITING FOR A SAILOR TO SAIL MY BOAT HOME!!

HEY! 'AT'S SWELL! YA MEANS YA HAS A BOAT?

OF COURSE I HAVE A BOAT! I BUILT IT MYSELF! BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE IT!

YER WORRIES IS OVER! I YAM A SAILOR AND I WILL SAIL US ALL HOME!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I'M A RUINED MAN! YOU HAVE SPOILED EVERYTHING!

I DOES NOT UN'ERSTAND?

IT'S THE HOUSE YOU BUILT!! YOU'RE A FIEND!

WHA'S WRONG WIT' OUR HOUSE?

I'VE BEEN LIVING IN A CAVE FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS!

FOR ALL THOSE YEARS I DREAMED OF GOING HOME!! I STILL WANT TO GO HOME—BUT...

?

?

...WHO CAN MOVE AWAY FROM A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE LIKE THAT!?!

IT'S MY DREAM HOUSE!

I'VE GOT TO LIVE IN IT!!

BYE!!

I HOPE HE'LL BE HAPPY IN HIS HOUSE!

WHEN I SWAPPED HIM THE HOUSE FER HIS BOAT I PROMISED TO COME BACK AND VISIK HIM!

POPEYE

YA GOIN' TO TRY IT AGAIN?

YEP!

PHOOEY!

IT IS RAINING AGAIN!

OH, NO!

IT IS NOT ME FAULT!

I KNOW! BUT IT IS COSTING A LOT OF MONEY TO RESTOCK!

YA DOESN'T WANT ME TO GIT FRUSTRATED, DOES YA?

OKAY! YA KIN DO IT ONE MORE TIME!

THE LIMIT IS TWO TODAY!

OKAY!

PLOWMAN

© 1961, WESTERN PRINTING & LITHOGRAPHING CO.

The giant tractor plow was lumbering across the Iowa farmland, turning up the black dirt in multiple furrows.

Uncle Elmo stopped his car on the highway to watch. He turned to his nephew, John Hardy.

"Just think, John," Uncle Elmo said, "that plow can do as much in ten minutes as it used to take a horse all day."

"Did you ever plow with a horse?" John asked.

"Didn't I ever tell you? I was the champion plower of the great Dakota plains."

John settled himself pleasurably to hear his uncle's story. John's Uncle Elmo had been everywhere and done everything—according to John's Uncle Elmo—and he never got tired telling about it.

"You might say I out-plowed Paul Bunyan," Uncle Elmo bragged, "considering that Paul had Babe the Blue Ox to do the heavy work—"

"But you had horses to do *yours*."

"Oh no, John, I didn't use a horse."

"You can't mean you harnessed yourself to the plow and pulled it?" John gasped.

"Well, I *did* try that at first, but I found the plow was just an unnecessary encumbrance—"

"But you have to have a plow to plow!"

"That's what everybody thinks, don't they?" Uncle Elmo paused, with a far-away look in his eye. "I remember talking to Paul about it. Even Paul thought you had to have a plow to plow."

"Paul who?"

"Paul Bunyan."

"But I thought Paul Bunyan was a mythical character."

"I found him very much alive," Uncle Elmo said calmly. "He just wasn't very imaginative when it came to plowing. He thought you had to use a plow."

"Well, what did you use, if you didn't use a plow?" John pressed.

"I was coming to that," his uncle said. "It was during the big International Plowing Contest in '93 in North Dakota. Paul Bunyan and I had worn down all contestants. We'd each plowed eleven 160-acre fields of corn the day before. Paul had Babe the Blue Ox hitched to his plow, and I had a big black stallion named Red-River Mud hitched to mine. . . . To break the tie we were going to plow a corn furrow clear across the state of North Dakota. The first one to make it across the state would be the winner. Half way across and Paul's Blue Ox started gaining on me. Pretty soon he was so far ahead, he was out of sight. Only his dust came back. My black horse just wasn't any match for his Blue Ox."

"But you said you were the champ."

"Oh yes. I won. But not with the horse."

"Then what with?"

"I left the horse and plow where they were and used my foot."

"You what?"

"I hopped on one foot, and dragged the other foot to gouge out a furrow. I passed Paul before he got into the next county. I beat him and his ox by three counties, two towns and 23 rods."

John breathed deeply, his eyes twinkling. "Wow, what a whopper. I *might* have believed you this time, Uncle Elmo, except for one thing."

Uncle Elmo's own eyes were twinkling. "Where'd I slip up this time, John?"

"You said you were plowing corn. Corn isn't a field crop in North Dakota."

POPEYE and SWEE'PEA in

YELLOW ROCK!

I WON'ER HOW MANY JELLY BEANS A THOUSING POUNDS OF GOLD WILL BUY?

GOLD

WHERE'S SWEE'PEA?

HE'S OUT IN A DESERT LOOKIN' FER GOLD AGAIN!

OH, THE POOR LITTLE BOY!! HE'S BEEN GOING OUT EVERY DAY WITHOUT FINDING ANYTHING!

IF HE DOESN'T FIND GOLD SOON HE'LL BE MARKED FOR LIFE!

WHAT DOES YA MEAN... MARKED FER LIFE??

HE'LL BE RUINED!

HE KNOWS THERE'S GOLD IN THE DESERT AND IF HE DOESN'T FIND ANY HE'LL LOSE CONFIDENCE IN HIMSELF!

FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE HE'LL HAVE NO CONFIDENCE IN ANYTHING HE DOES!

OH, MY GORSH! 'AT'S ARFUL!!

I WILL HAVE TO DO SOMETHIN' TO SAVE ME POOR LI'L BOY KID!

I WILL HAFTA BUY SOME GOLD AND PUT IT WHERE SWEE'PEA KIN FIND IT!

BANK

AHOY, YA SWAB! I WANTS TO BUY SOME GOLD!

HUH ?

THIS IS AN' EMERGENSEE! DON'T STALL AROUN'! GIMME **SOME** GOLD!

(GULP!) YES, SIR! HOW MUCH, SIR?

HOW MUCH? HM...LET'S SEE? OH, I GUESS ABOUT TWENTY POUNDS WOULD MAKE A GOOD GOLD STRIKE!

TWENTY POUNDS!?!

?

HERE YOU ARE, SIR! THAT WILL BE $11,200.00, MORE OR LESS!

?

WHAT? FER THAT LI'L BAG OF ROCKS!

PHOOEY! ROBBERS! I WILL TAKE ME BUSINESS SOME PLACE ELSE!!

?

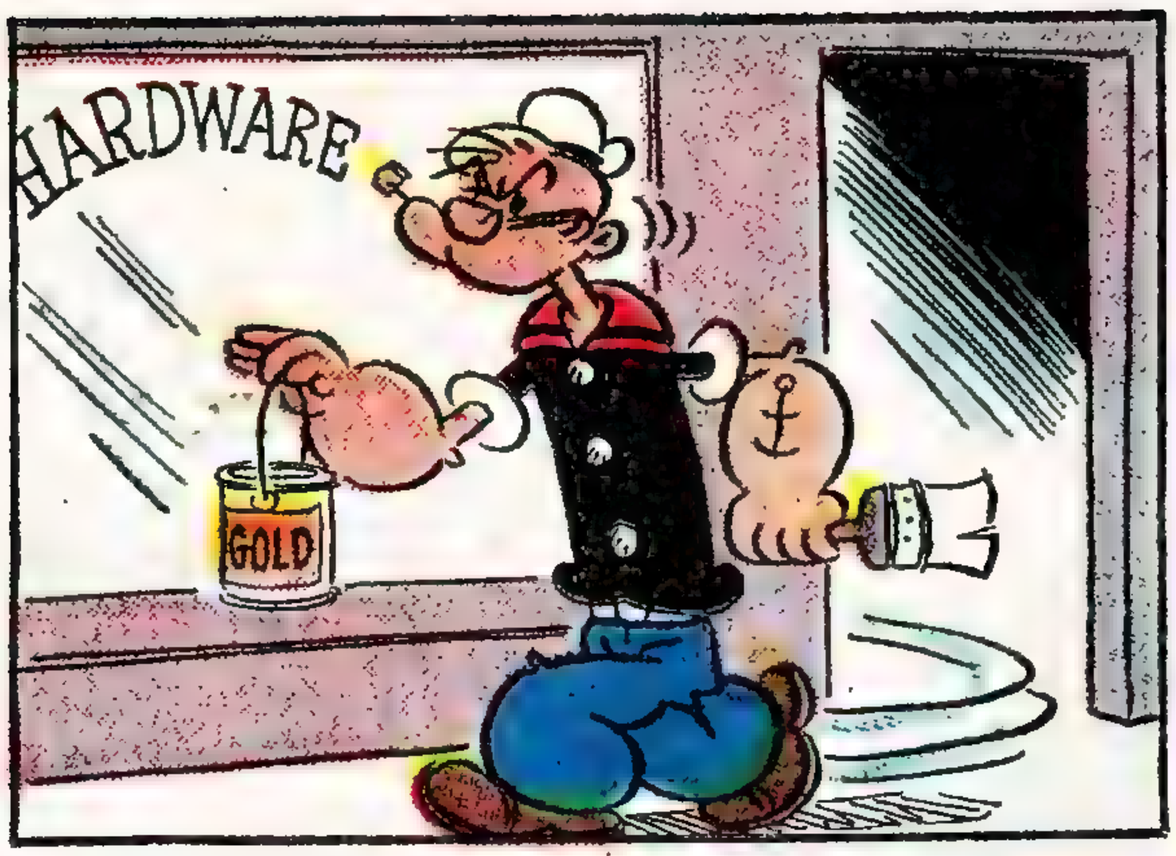
BANK

HARDWARE

SPECIAL DAY GOLD PAINT $3.50 GAL.

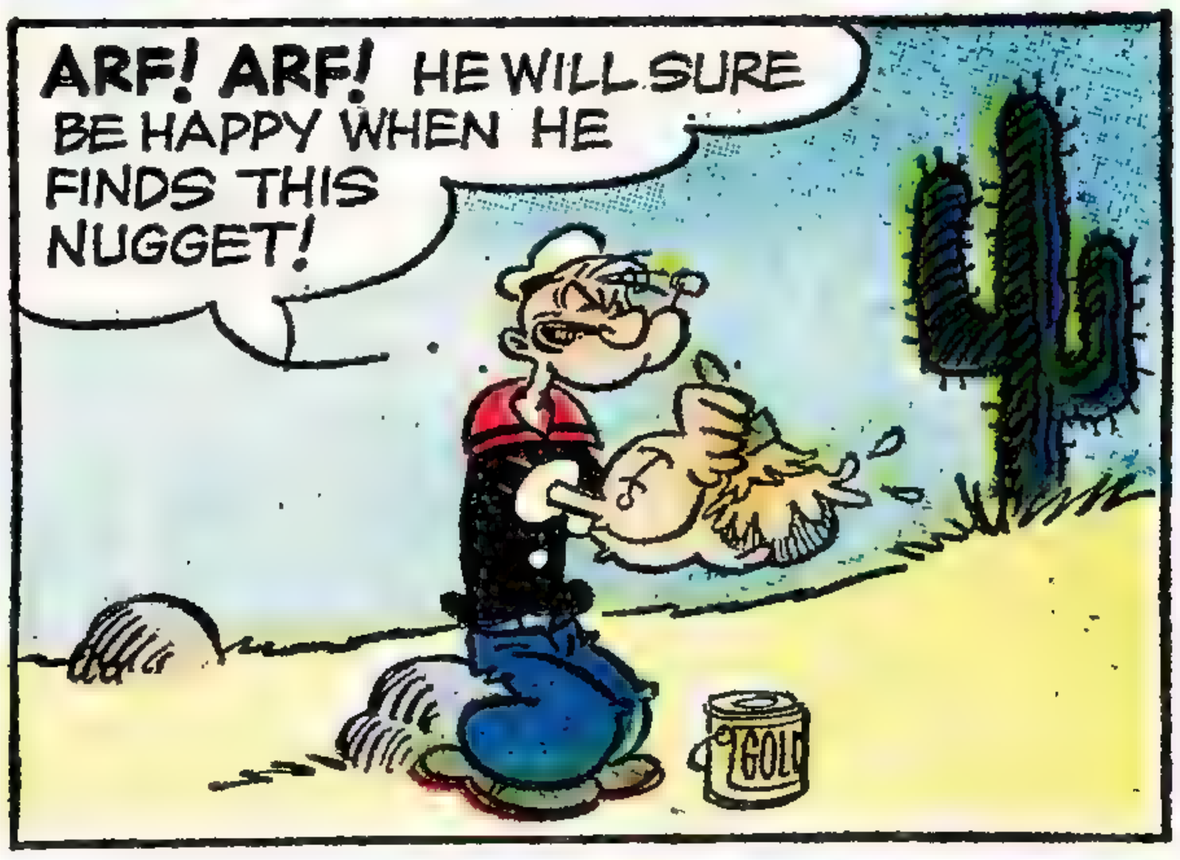
GOLD

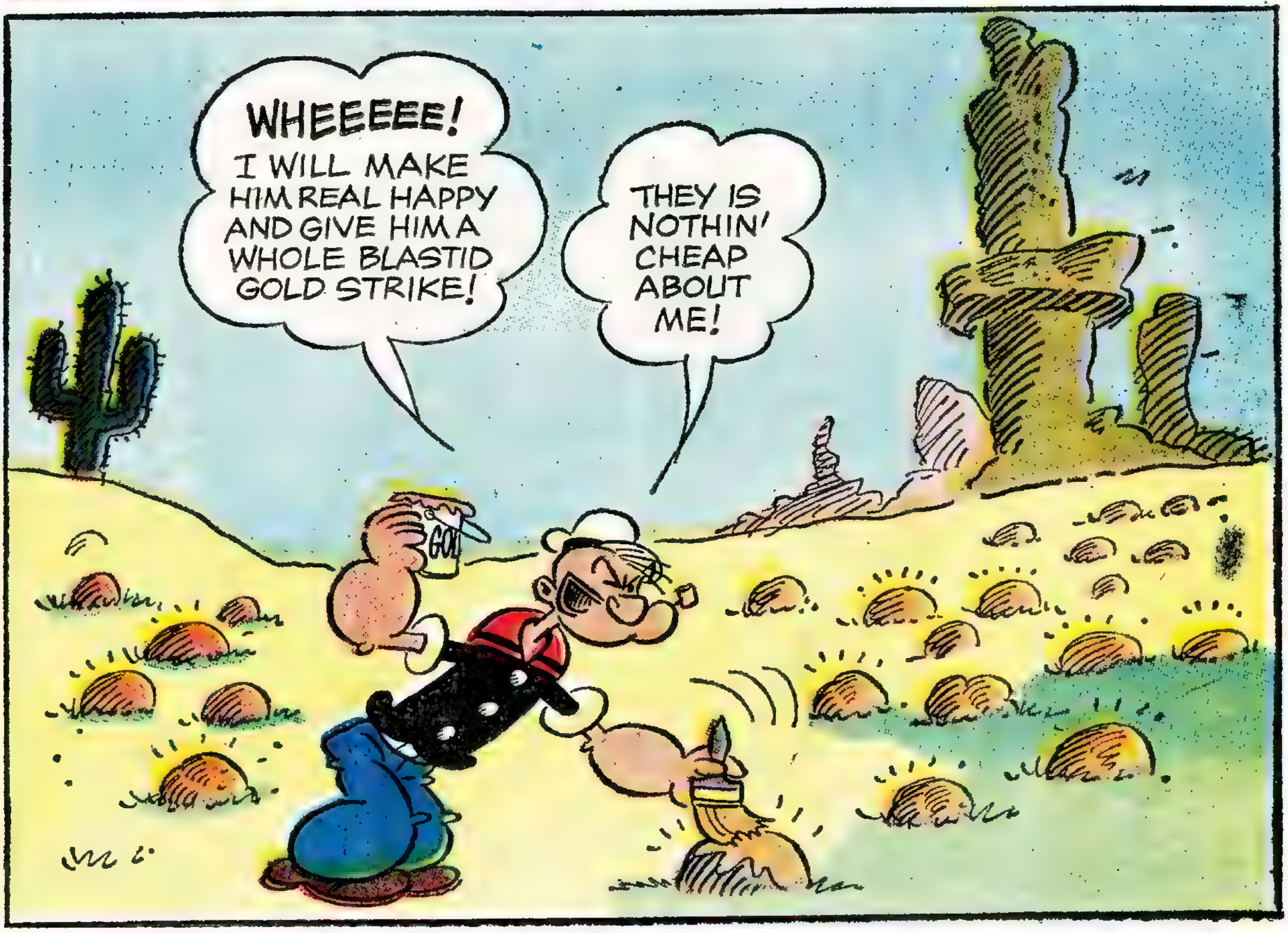
HMM?


HARDWARE
GOLD

–AN' I WILL PAINT A ROCK GOLD AN' SWEE'PEA WILL REGAIN HIS CONFIDENCE!
SPLENDID!

I WILL HAFTA PAINT A ROCK WHERE I AM SURE HE WILL FIND IT!


ARF! ARF! HE WILL SURE BE HAPPY WHEN HE FINDS THIS NUGGET!
GOLD


WHEEEEEE! I WILL MAKE HIM REAL HAPPY AND GIVE HIM A WHOLE BLASTID GOLD STRIKE!
THEY IS NOTHIN' CHEAP ABOUT ME!
GOLD

WHERE YA GOIN', SWEE'PEA?

I YAM GOIN' PROSPECTIN' AGAIN!

ARF! ARF! I HAS A HUNCH! WHY DON'T YA TRY OVER BY SKULL MOUNTING!

OKAY! AT'S A GOOD IDEA!

IF I DOESN'T FIND GOLD TODAY I YAM GO'NER WRITE TO THE PRESIDINK!

WELL, HERE'S SKULL MOUNTING! WHERE'S THE GOLD?

?

?

YIKE!

EUREKA!!

GOLD

♪ I YAM A MILLINGAIRE!! ♪

LA-DA-!

OOOoooOOOH!! ♪ I YAM A RICH MILLINGAIRE!!

HM? SOMEONE IS HAPPY! PERHAPS THEY ARE HAVING A PICNIC!

I'LL JOIN THEM!! THERE'S ALWAYS A SURPLUS OF FOOD AT PICNICS!

GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S SWEE'PEA! NOW WHY WOULD HE BE SO HAPPY?

HE'S PLAYING WITH SOME YELLOW ROCKS!

YELLOW ROCKS!...

GOLD

GOLD! GOLD GOLD GOLD! GOLD GOLD GOLD! GOLD! GOLD

GRRR!! GOLD! GOLD!

POW

—AN' STAY OUT OF HERE, YA CLAIM JUMPER!

CURSES!

BAH!! DOESN'T HE KNOW THERE'S ENOUGH GOLD THERE FOR BOTH OF US?

I'LL TRY USING REASON WITH THE YOUNG LAD!

YOO-HOO, DEAR FRIEND! MAY I TALK TO YOU?

STAY AWAY, WIMPY!

GRRRR!

KEEP YER GREEDY SELF OUT OF ME GOLD FIELD!

BUT-BUT, SWEE'PEA...I ONLY WANT TO **HELP** YOU!

HELP ME?

INDEED YES, YOUNG FRIEND...I ONLY WANT TO HELP YOU PROTECT YOUR GOLD! THIS COUNTRY IS FULL OF BANDITS, INDIANS AND EVIL CLAIM JUMPERS! WHILE YOU SLEEP I CAN STAND GUARD!

YA IS RIGHT, WIMPY! I WILL NEED HELP!

OKAY, YOU CAN BE ME PARTNER!

AS ME PARTNER YOU CAN HELP ME GATHER ALL OF THE GOLD INTO ONE BIG PILE!

IT WILL BE EASIER TO GUARD.

WOW! AT'S A BIG PILE, WIMPY!

INDEED IT IS!

YA WAS RIGHT, WIMPY... WHEN YA SEES IT PILED UP YA REALIZES THEY **IS** ENOUGH FER BOTH OF US!

DON'T YOU THINK NOW IS THE TIME TO DIVIDE THE NUGGETS?

YEAH! LET'S SEE HOW RICH EACH OF US IS!

ONE FER ME...

...AND ONE FER ME!

GORSH! TWO LITTLE PILES DOESN'T LOOK AS BIG AS ONE LARGE PILE!

HM? I FEEL AS IF I HAD BEEN SHORT CHANGED!

GRRRRRRR!

GRRR!

THERE IS NEVER ENOUGH GOLD FOR TWO PEOPLE!!

GRRR!

ARF! ARF! I THINK I'LL GO SEE HOW SWEE'PEA IS MAKIN' OUT WIT' HIS GOLD STRIKE!

M M M

WHEEEE! I BET HE IS HAVIN' FUN!

WHA—TH...?

SMACK

POW

BAM

IT IS SWEE'PEA AN' WIMPY FIGHTIN'!

BAM!

SMACK!

POW!

BAM!

AHOY! STOP 'AT FIGHTIN'!

YA GREEDY SWABS SHOULD BE ASHAMED!

POW

NEITHER ONE OF YOU SWABS DESERVES TO BE RICH! GIT TO WORK AND CHANGE 'EM NUGGETS BACK INTO PLAIN OL' ROCKS!

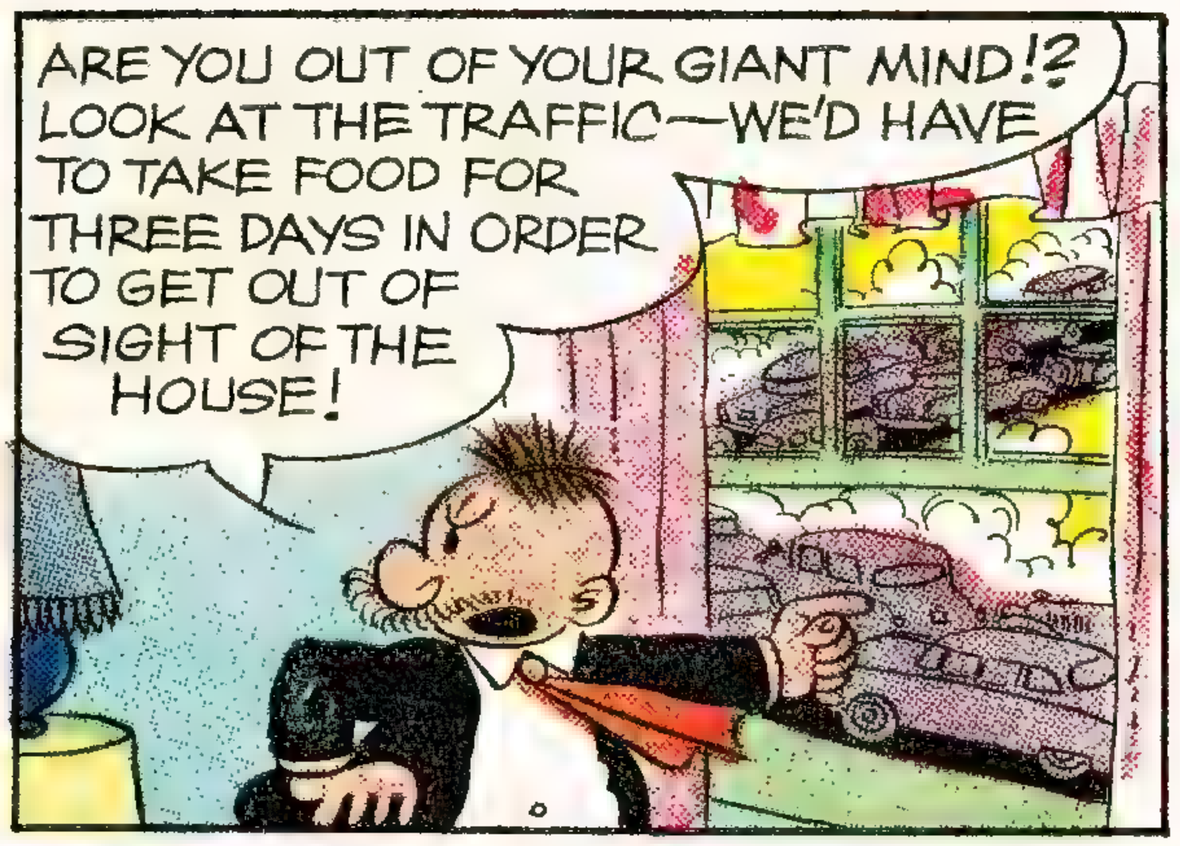
PHOOEY!

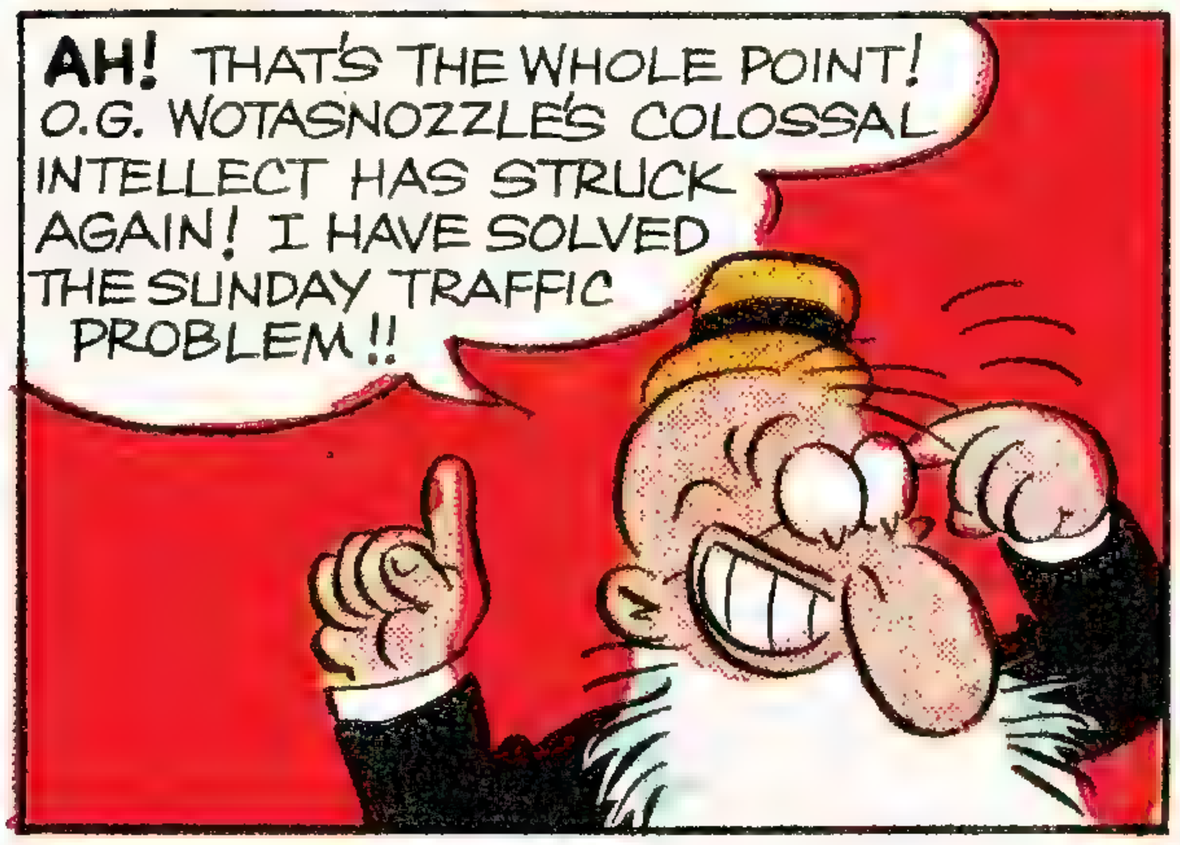
CURSES, SIR! YOU ARE A KILLJOY!!

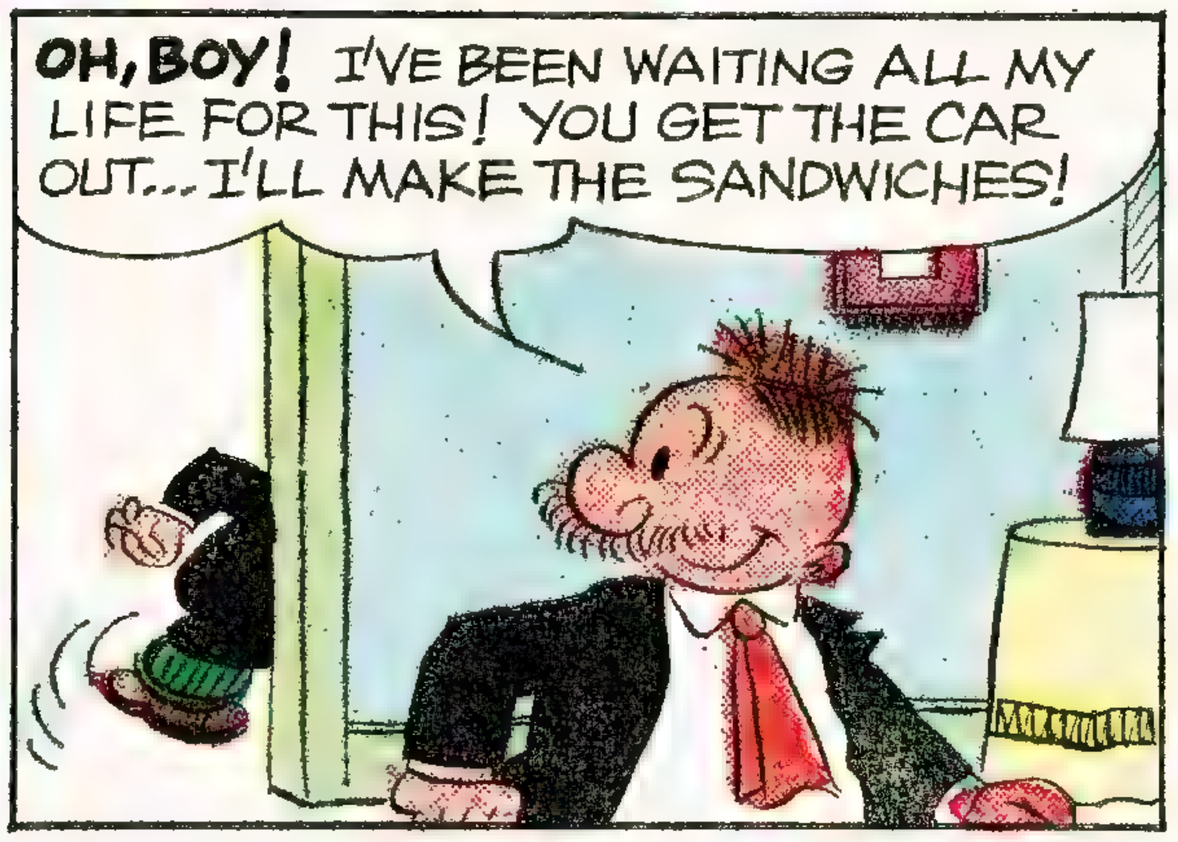
M M M

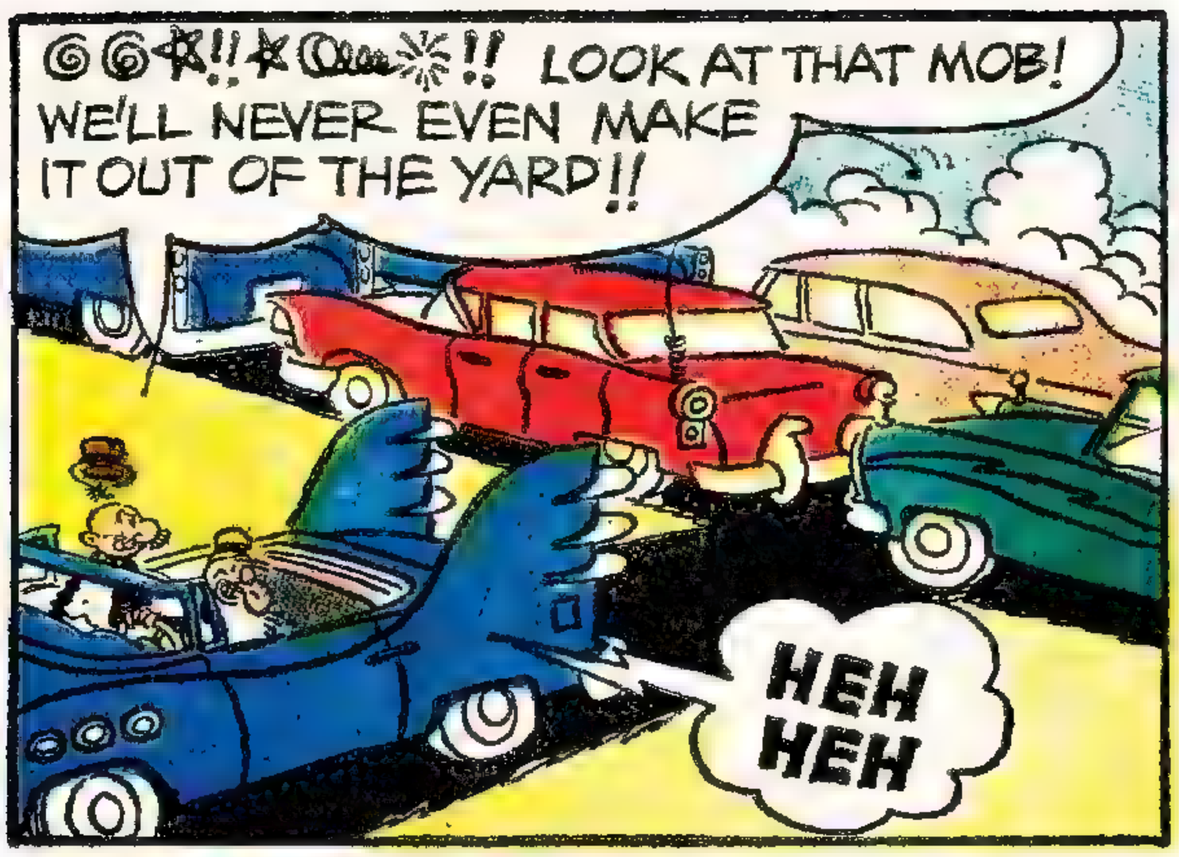
PAINT REMOVER

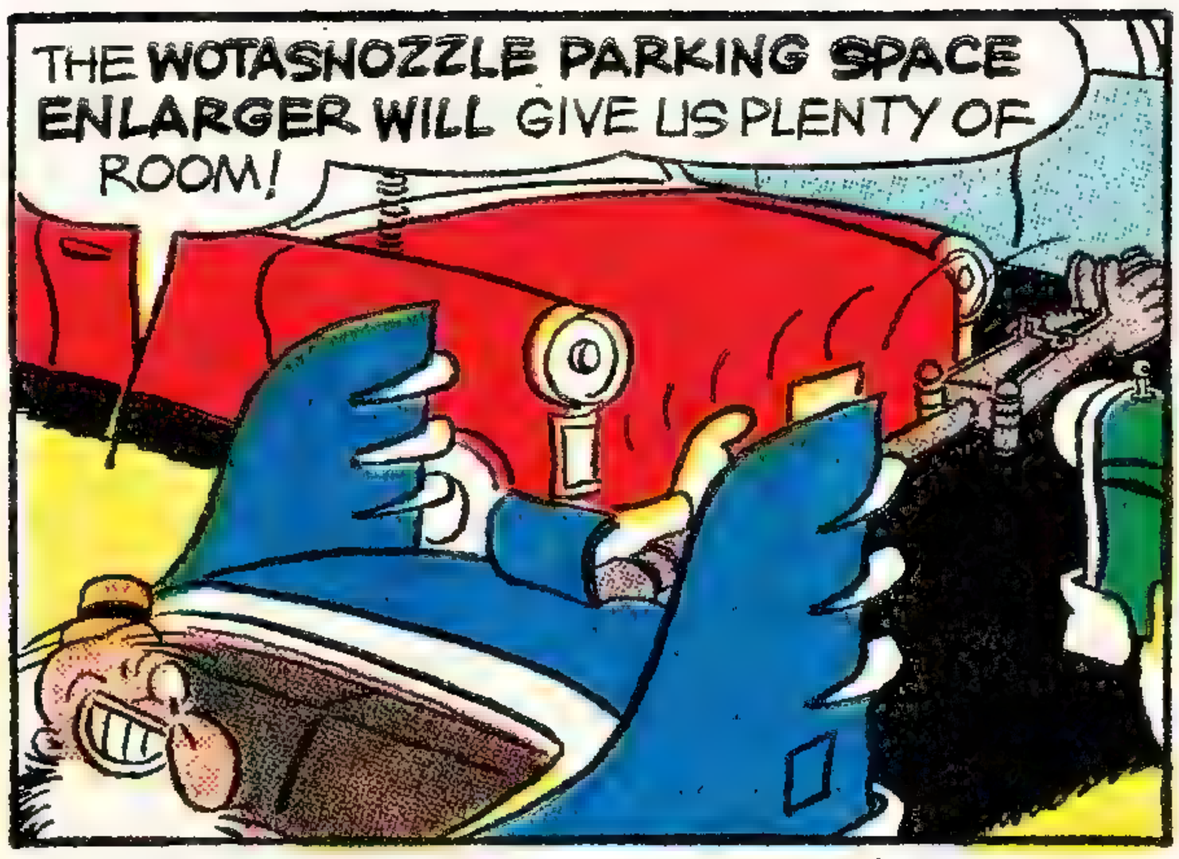
PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE

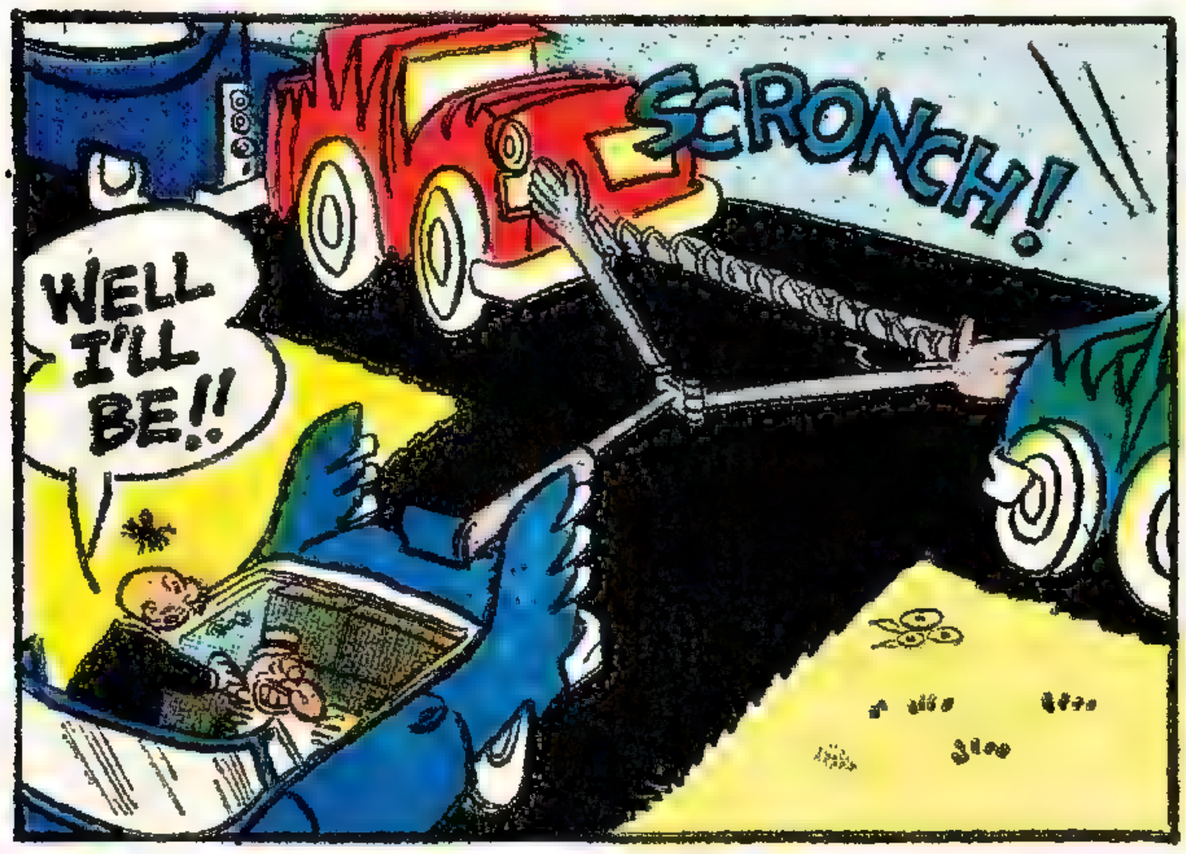

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR GIANT MIND!? LOOK AT THE TRAFFIC—WE'D HAVE TO TAKE FOOD FOR THREE DAYS IN ORDER TO GET OUT OF SIGHT OF THE HOUSE!

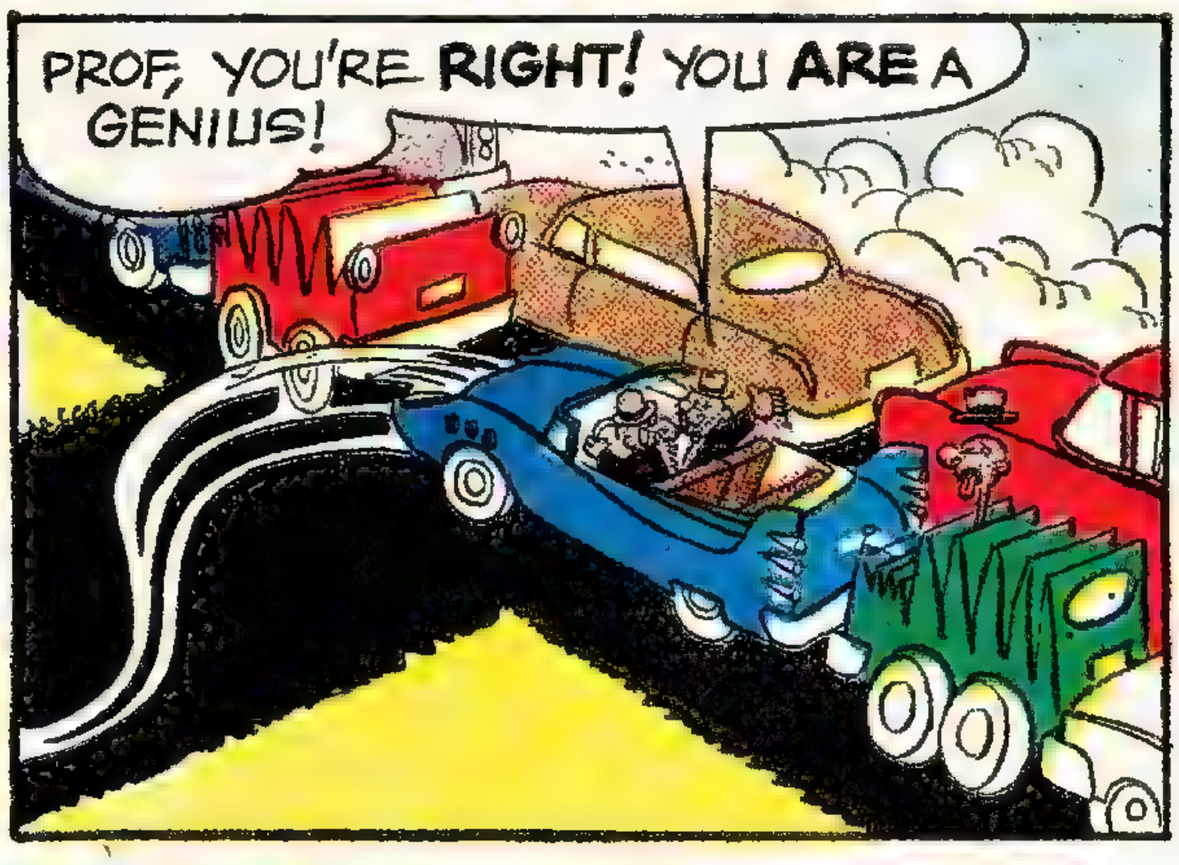


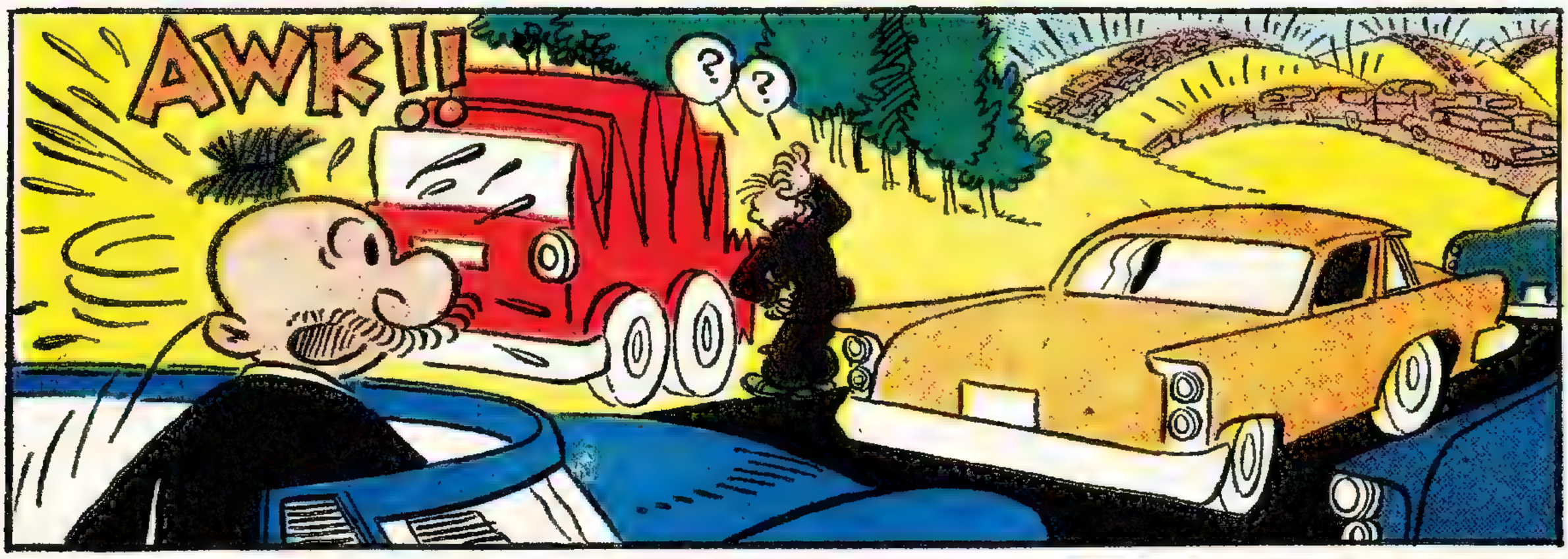


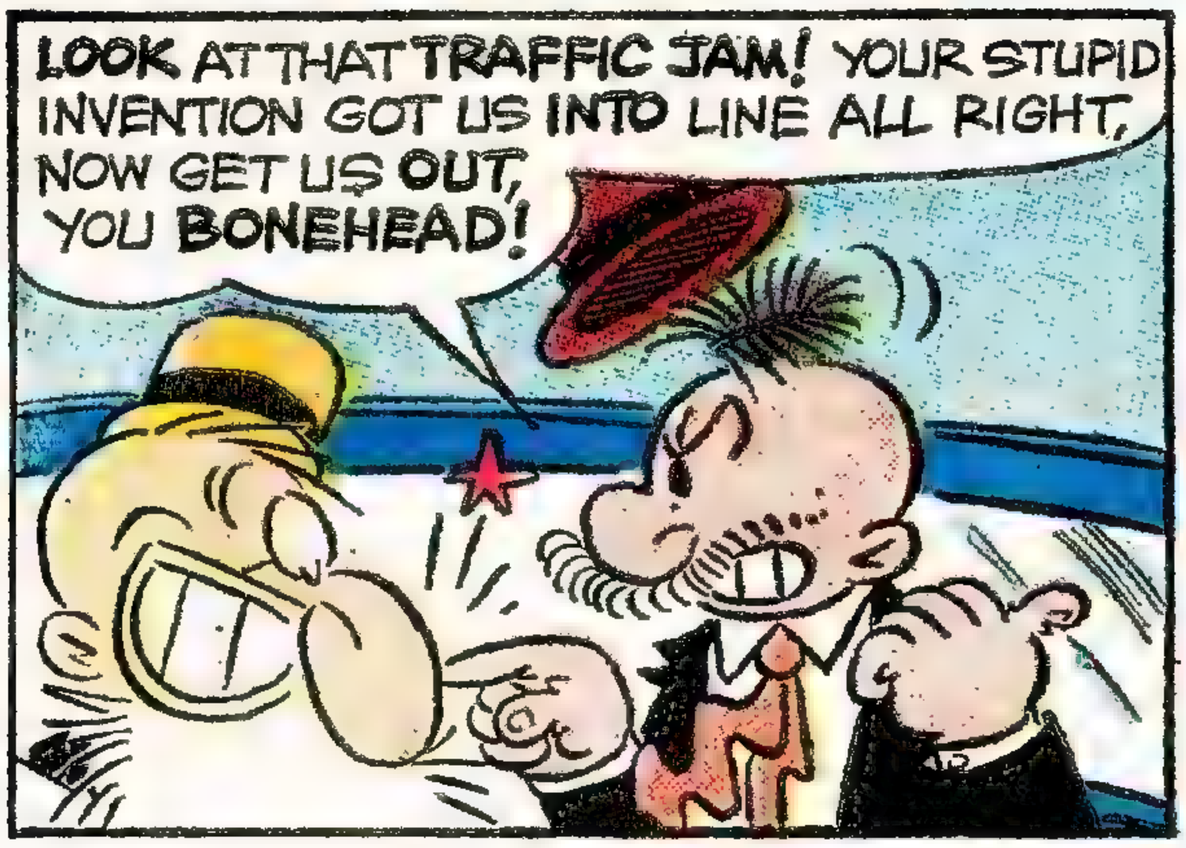

@@*!!*@#!! LOOK AT THAT MOB! WE'LL NEVER EVEN MAKE IT OUT OF THE YARD!!
HEH HEH

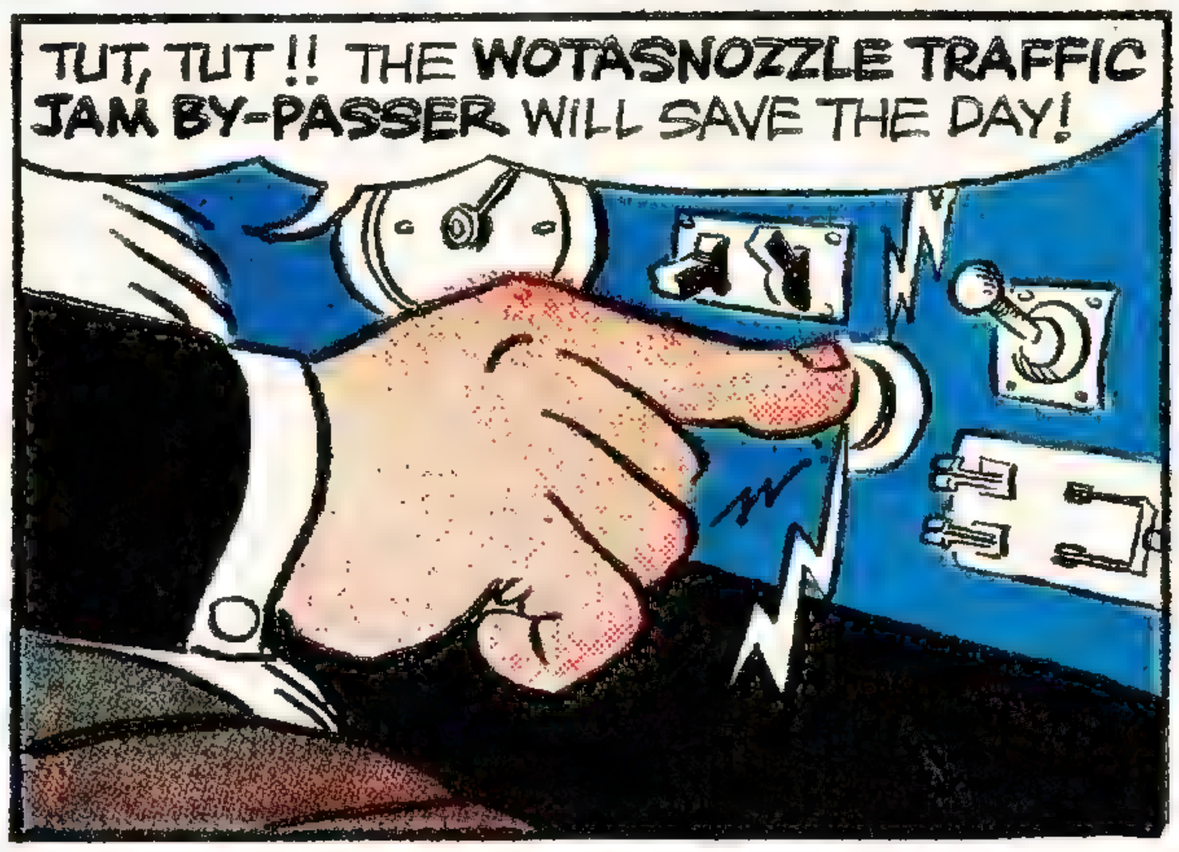

THE WOTASNOZZLE PARKING SPACE ENLARGER WILL GIVE US PLENTY OF ROOM!


SCRONCH!
WELL I'LL BE!!


PROF, YOU'RE RIGHT! YOU ARE A GENIUS!


AWK!!
?
?


LOOK AT THAT TRAFFIC JAM! YOUR STUPID INVENTION GOT US INTO LINE ALL RIGHT, NOW GET US OUT, YOU BONEHEAD!


TUT, TUT !! THE WOTASNOZZLE TRAFFIC JAM BY-PASSER WILL SAVE THE DAY!

WOT IN?

? ! ! ?

?

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THIS IS THE GREATEST THING I EVER SAW. PROFESSOR, YOU **ARE A GENIUS!!**

TO BE SURE!

Drink Cola

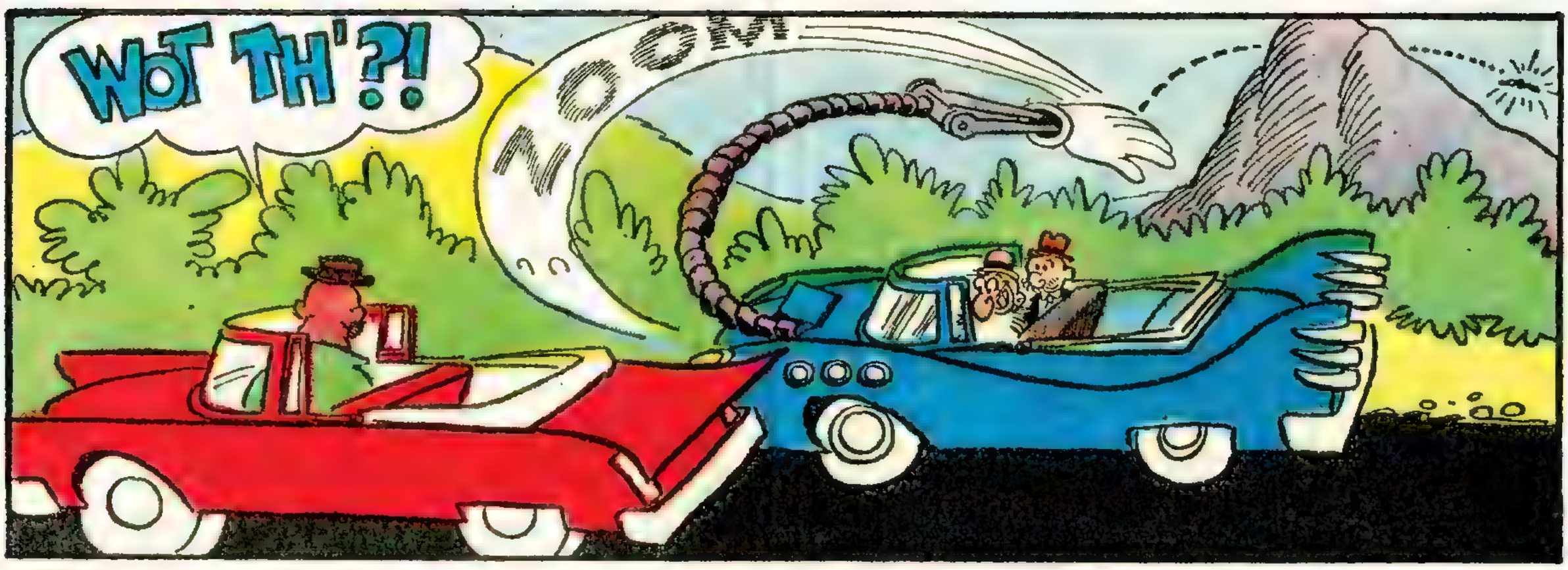
WHOOPEE! WE'RE AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE, PROF—

EXACTLY! AND A PUSH ON THIS BUTTON LOWERS US TO THE ROAD!

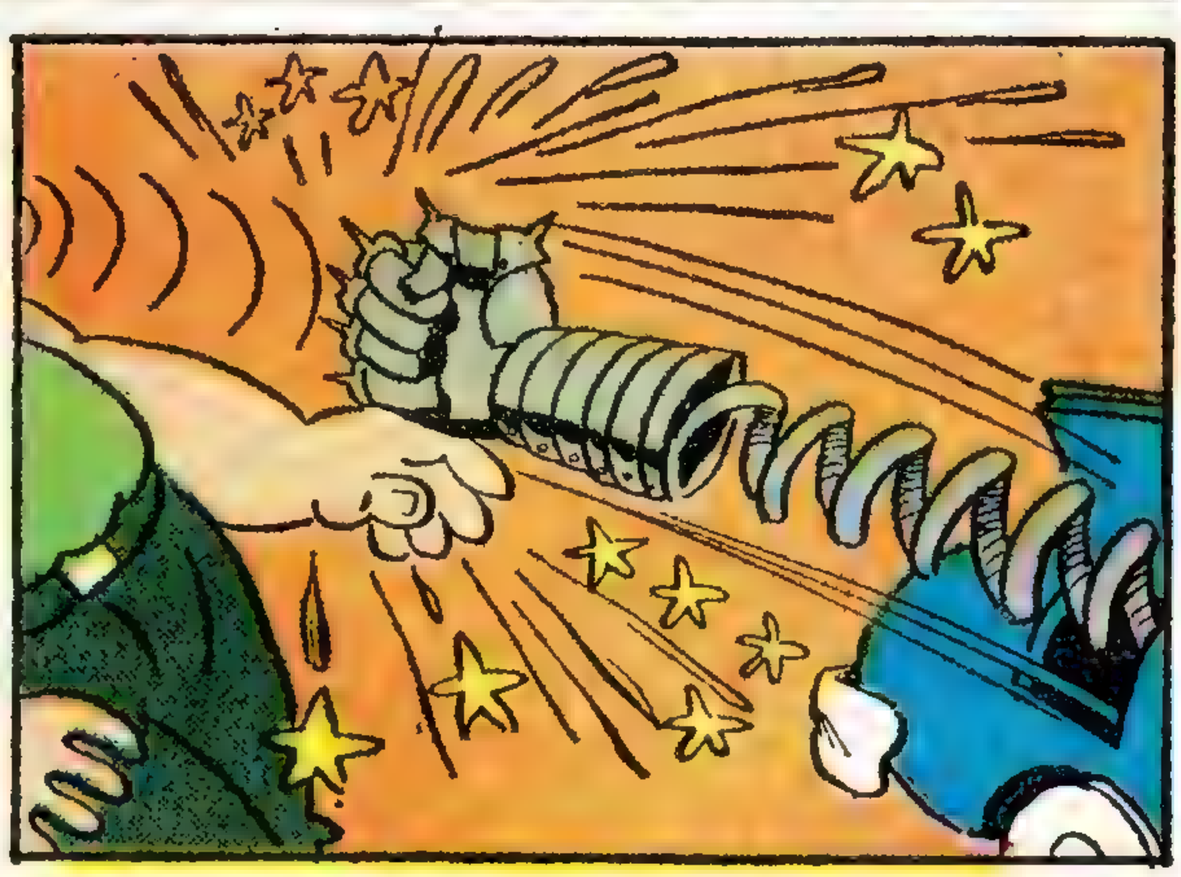
AHA!! A CLASSIC SPECIMEN OF THE **FAT-HEADIUS SPEED-DEMONUS!!**

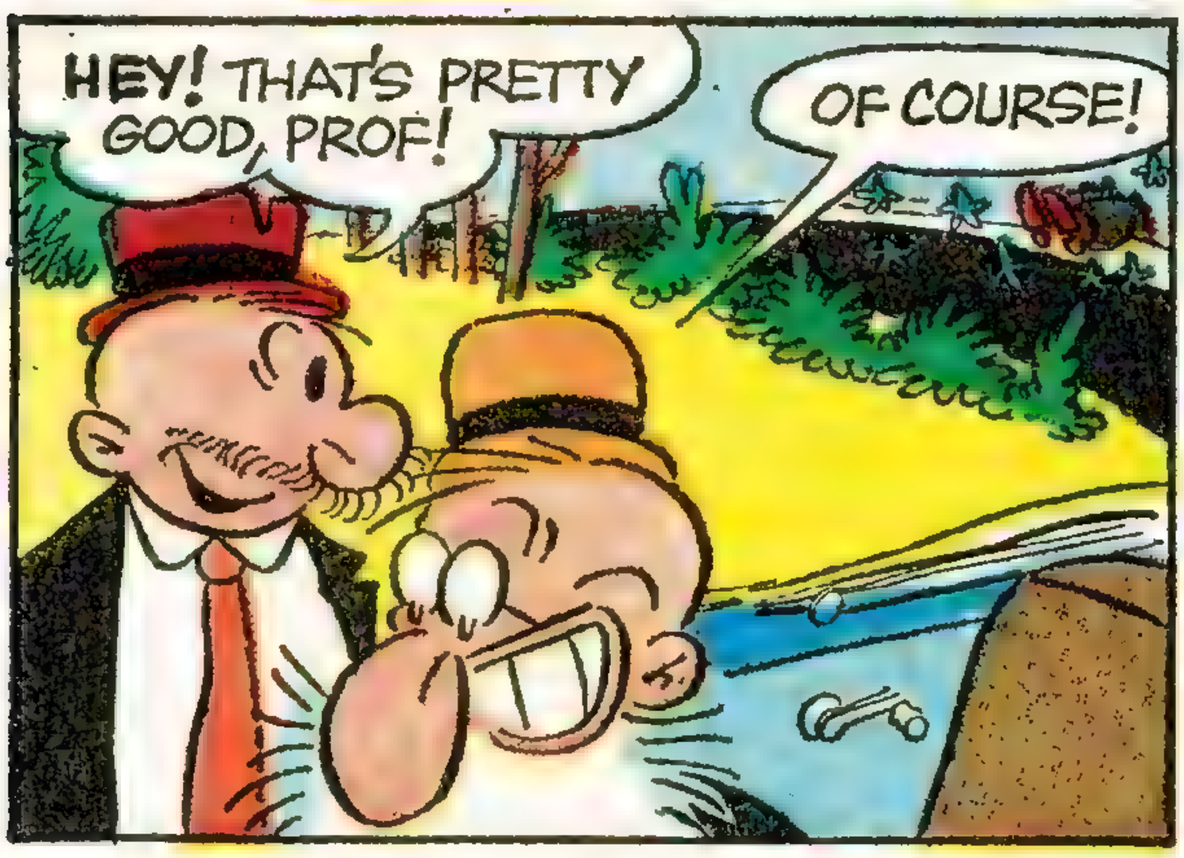
BUT O.G. WOTASNOZZLE'S FABULOUS BRAIN HAS ANTICIPATED THIS MENACE!

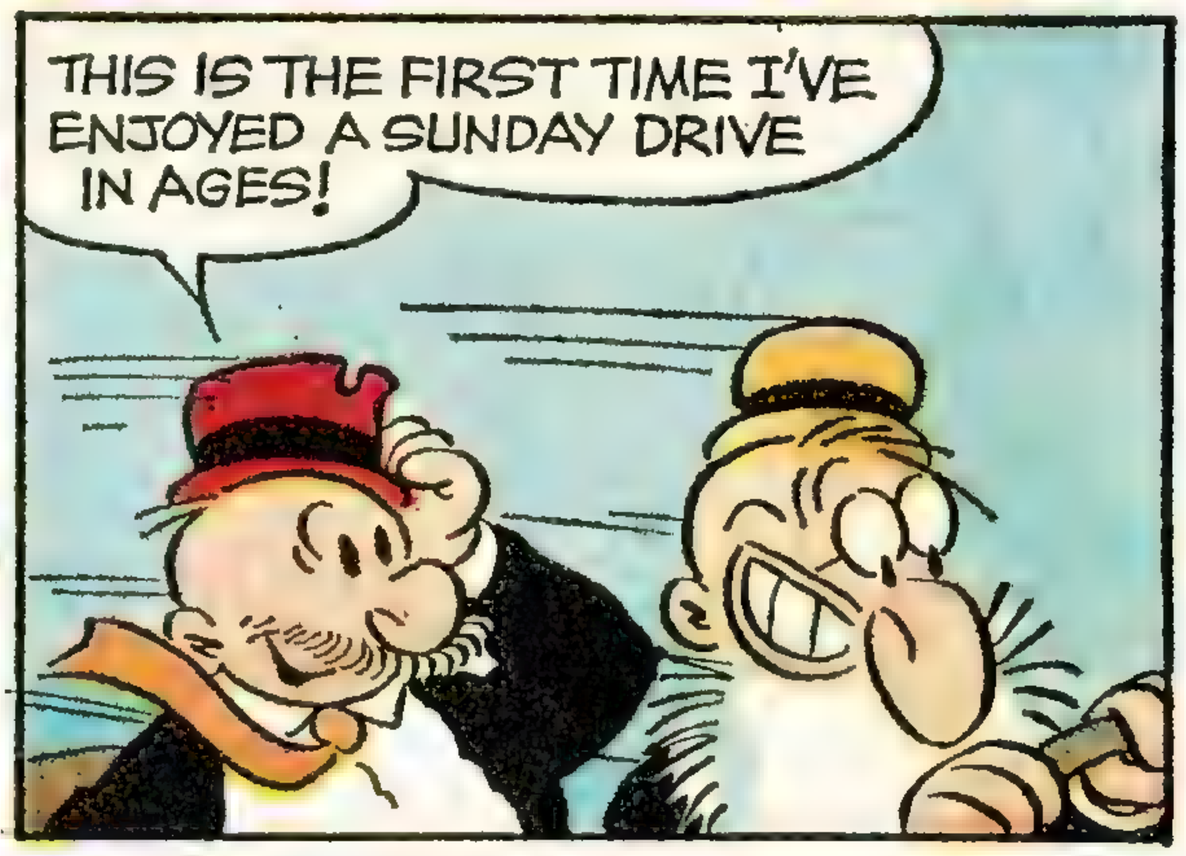
? ! ? !

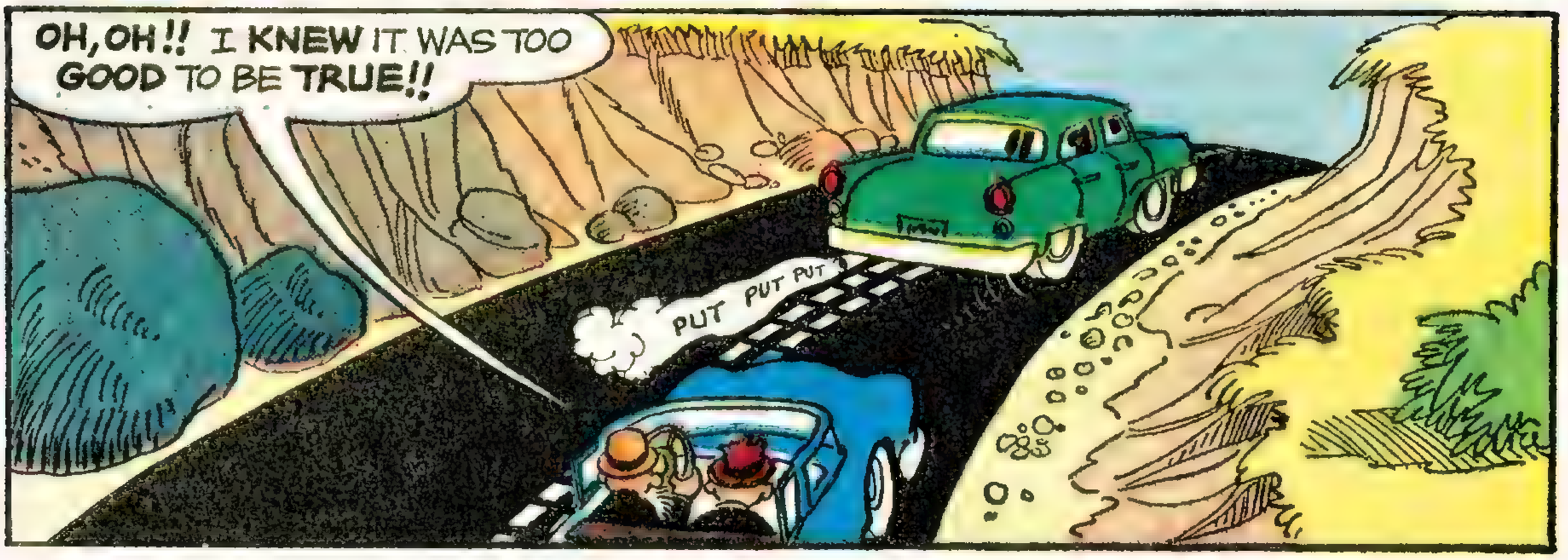

WOT TH'?!
NOOM!

WHY YOU MATTRESS-FACED RUNT!
SO MUCH FOR ROAD SAFETY— AND NOW FOR SELF-SATISFACTION!




HEY! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, PROF!
OF COURSE!


THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE ENJOYED A SUNDAY DRIVE IN AGES!


OH, OH!! I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!!
PUT PUT PUT

AH! THE NUMBSKULLIUS ROAD-HOGGIUS!

NIEN!

FIRST WE KILL HIS MOTOR WITH THE **WOTASNOZZLE IGNITION-SNUFFER!!**

!

FIZZZZ

BLZZT!

IINEIIOW

THE MECHANICAL MECHANICS GO TO WORK!

!

?

?

?

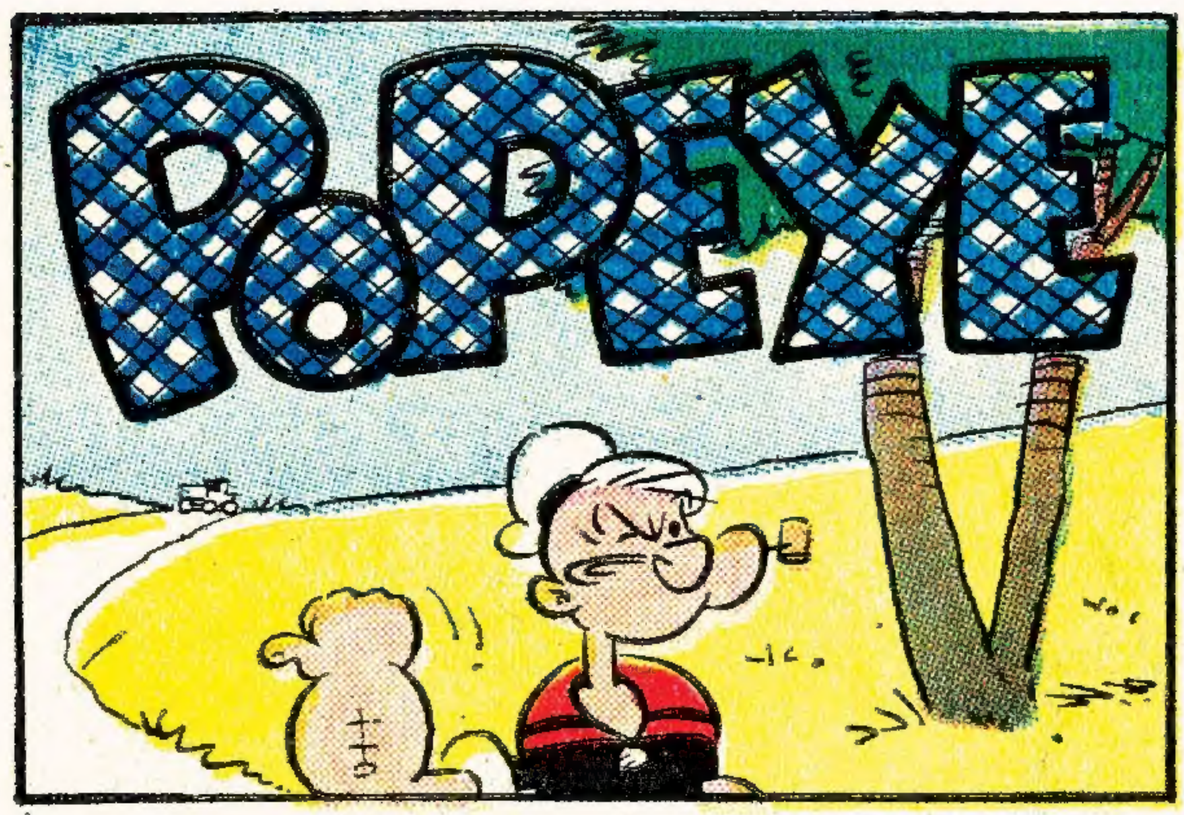
NOW THE STREET SWEEPERS!

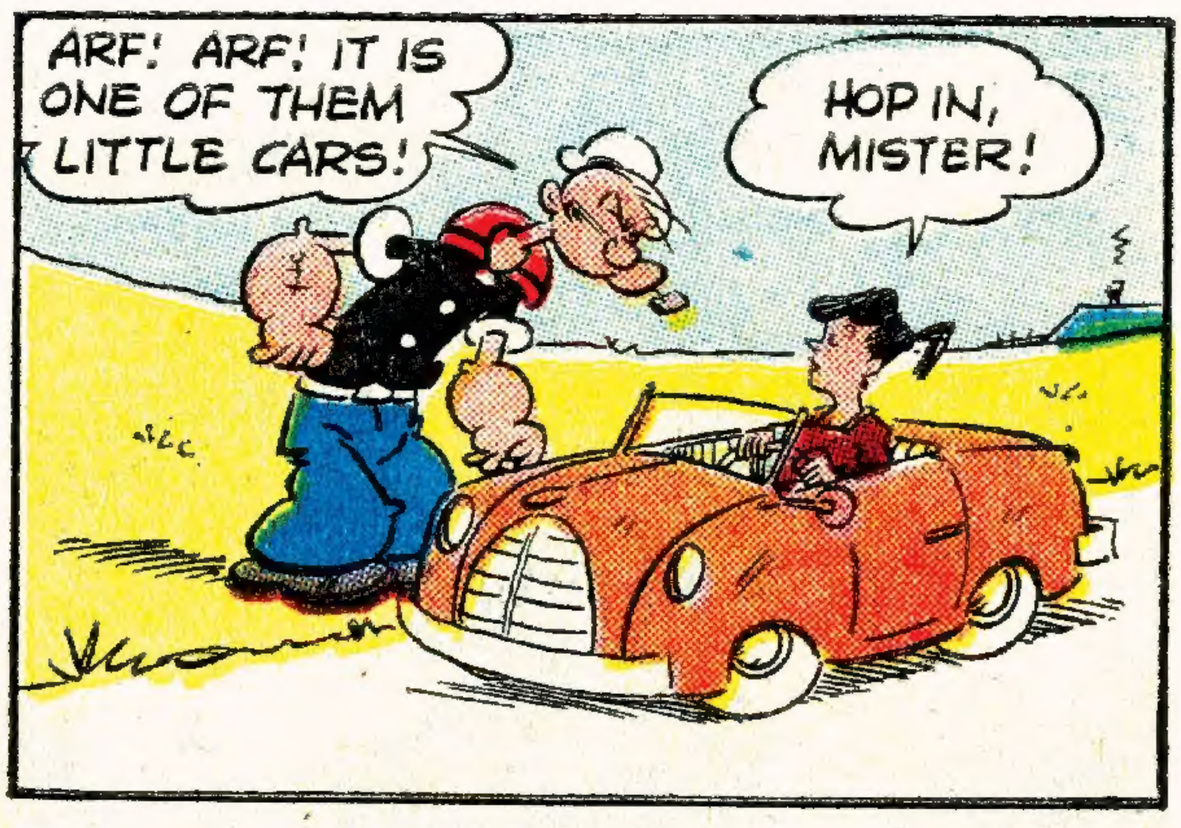
OH OH!

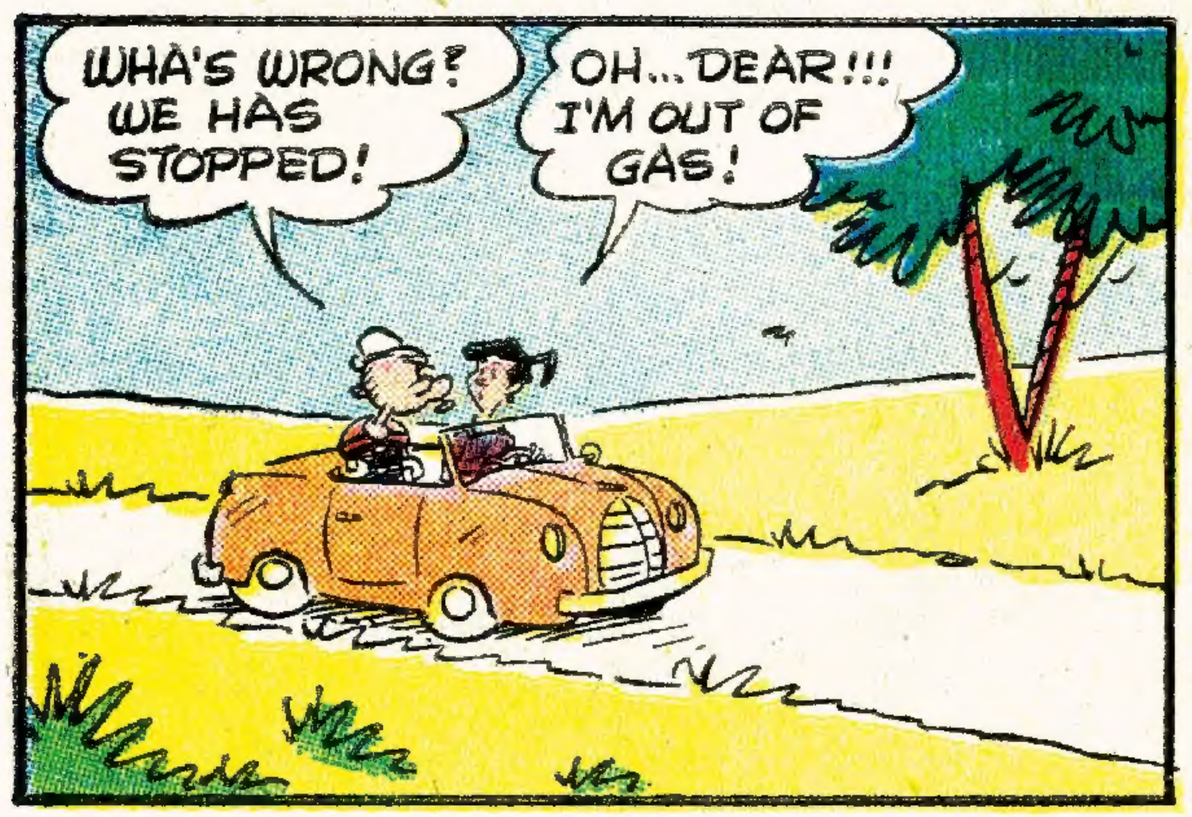
AT LAST THEIR COLLECTION IS COMPLETE! THEY'VE SNAGGED A **REAL, LIVE LONG-BEARDIUS CRACK-POTTIUS!!**

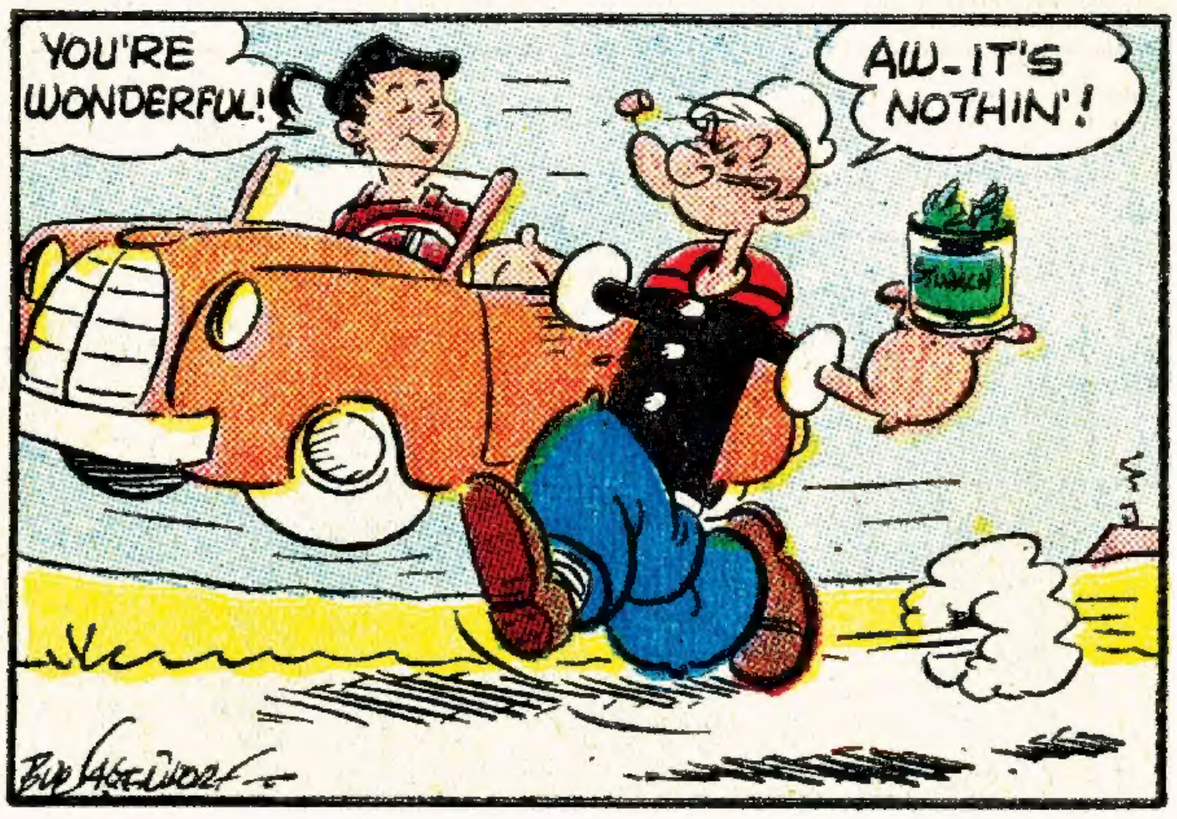
AND FRIEND!

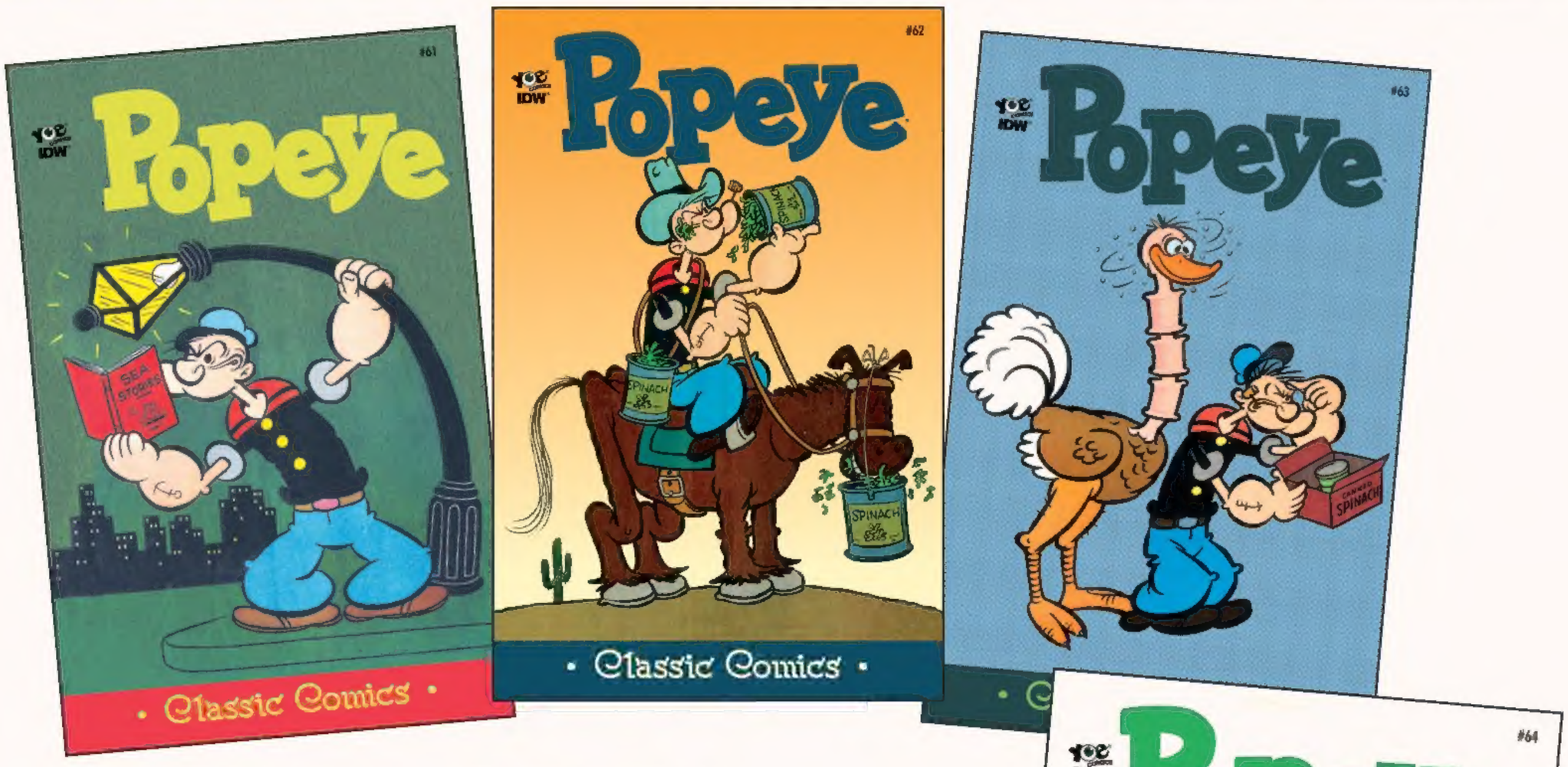
POLICE VAN











AND DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUES OF

POPEYE!

"What a genius!... Sagendorf's comic books were classics, completely his own, with a fascinating, unique environment for the cast... Brilliant stream of consciousness tales with plenty of action and suspense, and clever, silly cartooning that carried it all beautifully!"
—Bill Pearson (Popeye)

"GLORIOUSLY FUNNY WRITING AND DRAWING STYLE! SAGENDORF COMICS ARE GREAT COMICS!"
—MTV

POPEYE

I YAM BORED!

POPEYE SEZ IDLE HANDS GITS INTO TROUBLE!

I WILL HAFTA FIND SOMETHIN' TO DO!

HOT DORG! I WILL DIG A HOLE!

THAT WILL KEEP ME BUSY!

LA-DA- DE-DA!

YOO-HOO! POPEYE!! COME SEE WHAT I MADE!

I YAM COMIN'!

CRASH!!

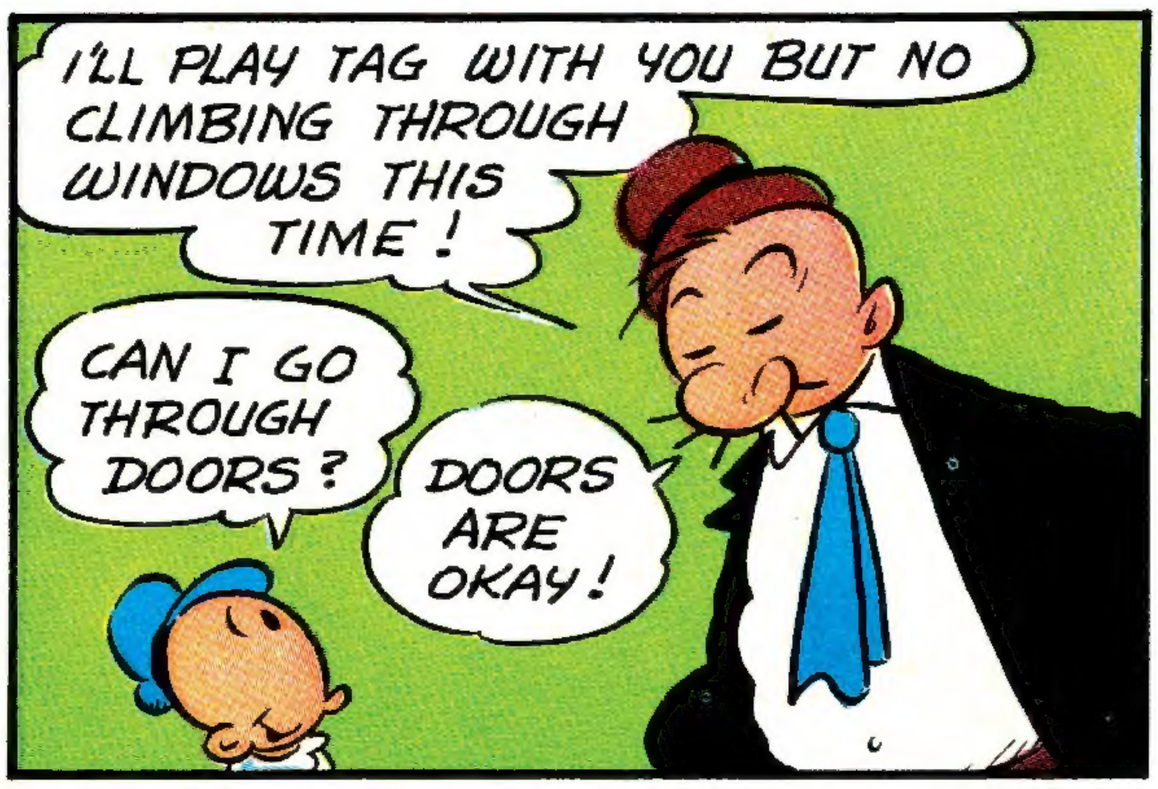
DOES YA LIKE THE HOLE I DUG?

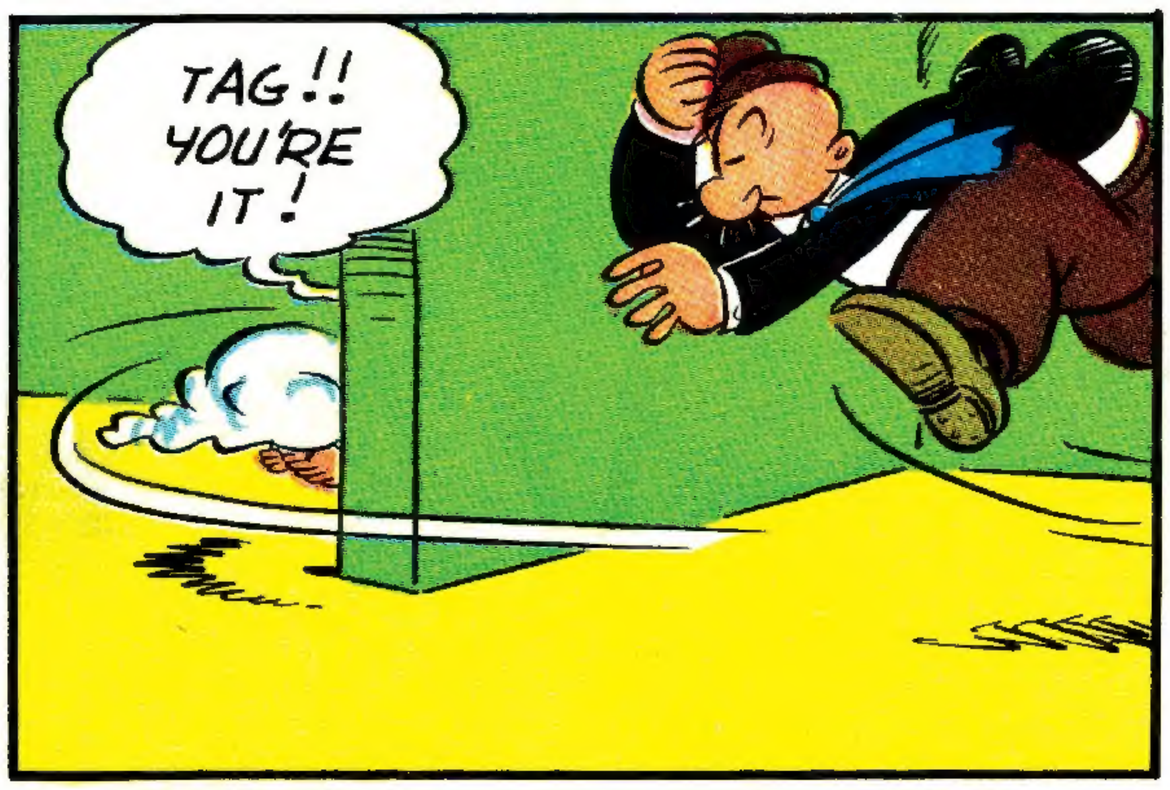
?

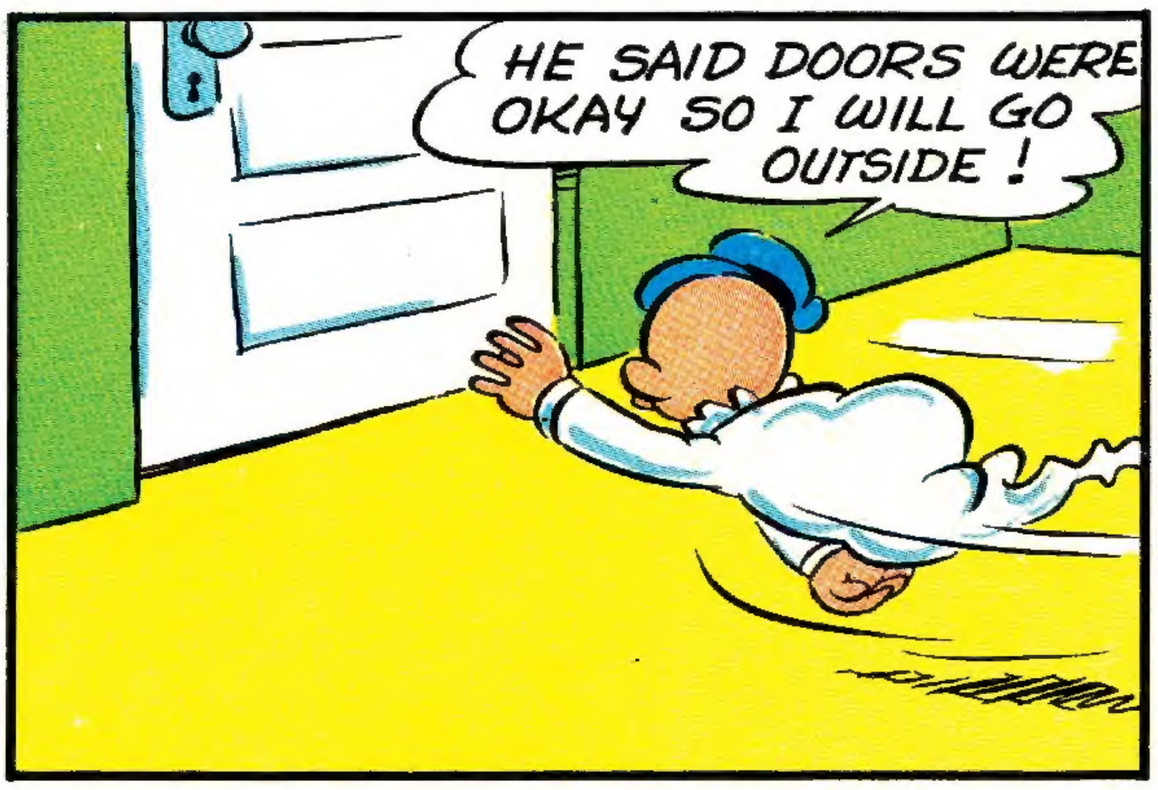
POPEYE

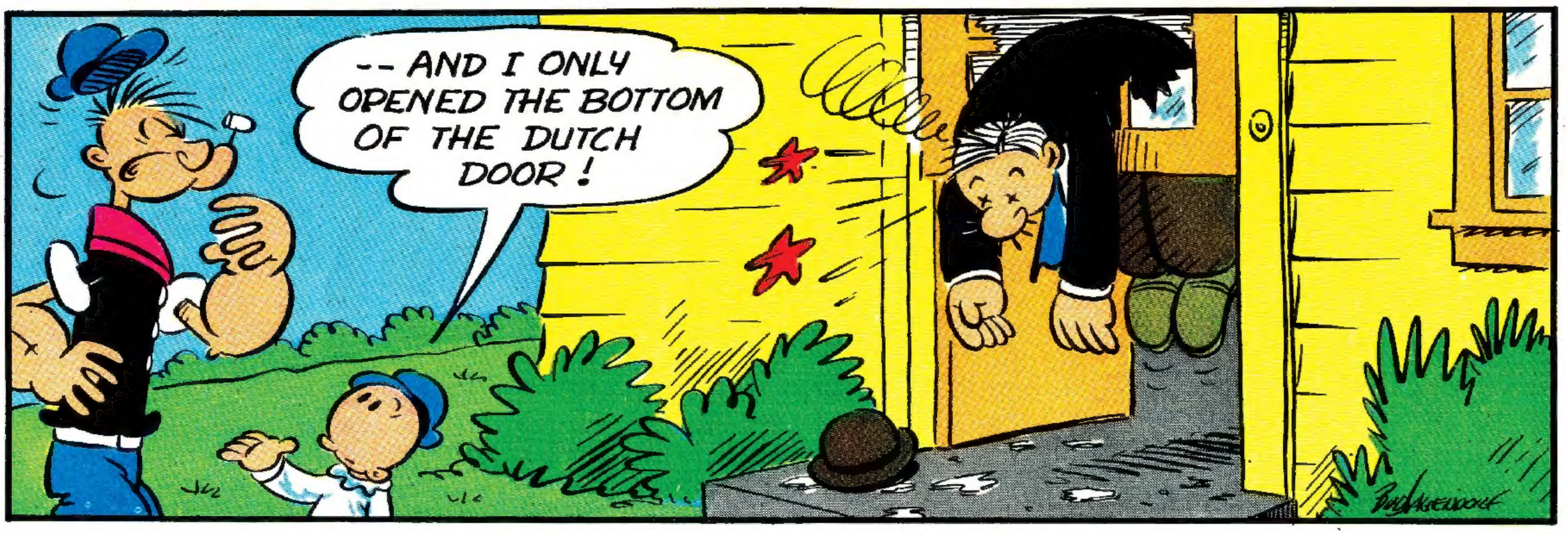
AN' SWEE'PEA -

TAG, YOU'RE OUT!









Tyrant Lizard Kings
EMPIRE